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VOL. 4.

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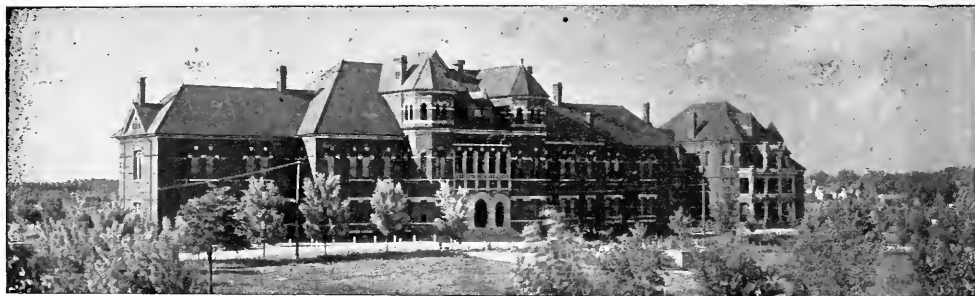
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THE CLASS OF 1900.

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# STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

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VOL. IV.

GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE, 1900.

NO. 4

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## LOGIC AND SENTIMENT, ARGUMENT AND PERSUASION.\*

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS BY HON. DAVID A. DEARMOND,  
OF MISSOURI.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I wish I were worthy of the high tribute paid to me by my eloquent friend who has just introduced me to you. I wish that I were assured that in the time that I shall occupy today I might be able to bring you some message of encouragement, some information, some hints that would be helpful. I wish that I might feel at the outset that the few words I have to offer might be worthy of the occasion, because the occasion is a grand one. The Commencement exercises of an institution of learning, when young men and young women are to go forth into the world to make their way, are always worthy of commemoration. This College must have a peculiar hold upon the people of this State, and justly so. It is a pioneer in its work—in a work too long neglected—and a work which it is performing admirably. The amount of good it has done, the amount of good it is doing, the amount of good it will do in the future, no man can estimate, no man can overestimate. Those who teach the youth of the land, and teach them well, are performing the noblest work of civilization, and are doing more perhaps than all others, though their work be not so showy nor their honors so conspicuous. While a stranger in the good old state of North Carolina, as I am today, I feel I am not a stranger here after all, because everywhere in this broad American Union, come from what state we may, one feels that he has many friends, and an occasion such as this at least has about it an inspiring influence of the noblest assurances.

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\*Stenographic report by Miss Nannie C. Combs, State Normal and Industrial College.

It is very hard to tell upon what particular subject one should address an audience like this; the subjects are so many, their bearing so different, the trouble of making the choice so great. If I were to give name to my remarks today I, perhaps, would say that I am about to speak to you in a feeble and broken way on "Logic and Sentiment, Argument and Persuasion." As was stated to you by Brother Kitchin in his introduction of me, I was bred to the bar and have followed the profession of a lawyer. Naturally, in that field of pursuit one is taught early to regard argument as the weightiest of things in getting influence over men, and to discard in a large part sentiment and feeling.

Whatever the experience of others may have been, in my progress through life thus far I have come to reach a different conclusion in regard to the matter. I believe that where argument sways one, sentiment and feeling sway a dozen. I believe that where logic convinces one, the persuasion of kindly feeling, the resuscitation of kindred sentiment sways and controls a multitude. A large part probably of those who are here today as pupils of this school sooner or later will go forth to teach others. It is because, I think, sentiment and feeling find a responsive chord where argument fails to touch it that, in a general way of speaking, women make better and more successful teachers than men. Few men have the gift to teach; many have the gift of eloquence; many have industry; many have the general qualities required in the work, but comparatively few of the male sex, and not all of the female sex, possess that peculiar gift, that extraordinary something, that sublime substantiality, that sensitiveness of intellectual and moral touch which makes the successful teacher, and without which there is no successful teacher.

We begin to live simply because we have to. We continue to live much as a matter of course, and yet the great problem from birth to death is, How shall we live? For what shall we live? How shall we affect others; how are others affecting us? Unless all our foundation ideas of government, unless the teachings of the wisest and best in the ages that are gone, as well as in the present, are at fault, integrity, virtue and intelligence lie at the foundation, everywhere and always, of intelligent, just, righteous government. Without these things government may be strong, but in the strength is cruelty. In the heavy stroke there is death. There is no such thing as a people's being self-governing, maintaining a sound government upon correct principles, unless virtue inspire them and intelligence guide them. In this view, and it is generally the one that prevails in our country and the world over, I

think, among intelligent and thoughtful people, the mighty influence of such an institution as this cannot be measured. Give it all that you please, put it far beyond where you think it ought to be, far beyond where your judgment tells you it will go, and yet you will fall short of how far-reaching it is. Into how many channels it goes, how many homes it controls, how many lives it brightens, how many souls it burnishes, how many hearts it tends to purify, it is impossible for finite intelligence to estimate.

Argument-logic is a cold appeal. It is an appeal to the intellect, with the heart set aside, with the heart out of the accounting. The ears are open apparently, the mind is intent apparently, but somehow the spirit is roaming abroad, and arguments that are unanswerable, that force in logic to the conclusion which is inevitable, even when directed to the most weighty concerns, and in times even of awakening public mind, fall barren, all because the mind is not receptive, because the mind is not in a condition to receive. So much more are we swayed by our likes and our dislikes, by our loves and our hates, by our ambitions and our fears than we are by our intellects, separate and apart, that argument falls flat a thousand times, where an appeal directed rightly, directed from a warm heart to a warm heart, floated upon the current of correct sentiment, will find lodgment almost without failure. Most of the things that we do, whether great or small, are things suggested to us by the sentiments rather than by the intellect. We do not reason out what we do; we reason about things. We sometimes think; we sometimes think we think, but we feel always; we are always ready to attend to the touch of a friendly hand. We always "have a light in the window" for a cheery spirit. We always have resentment and resistance for that which in feeling wounds and hurts.

Now, not knowing much about how to teach, it is presumptuous for me to talk about doing such things among those who do know. But I venture to say that the first thing and the greatest thing is to acquire the confidence, trust and affection of those to be taught. Many things, of course, can be driven into the intellect by mere power of argument, by force of instruction, by the pressure of interest, but that which finds a cozy nestling place there; that which finds a comfortable home, a place of abode during the years so long as life and memory last, is that which comes there with the affections and which is entertained lovingly and fondly. It seems to me that no cruel man or cruel woman ever could be a good or successful teacher. No man or woman who is indifferent to the welfare, or regardless of the feelings, of others

ever could inspire that trust and confidence, ripening into affection, deepening into love, which is absolutely necessary in order that the teacher may impart instruction in a lasting and a beneficial way.

There has been a great deal said and a great deal written about "heredity." Some maintain, you know, that our whole course is marked out for us; that we inherit qualities that are bound to develop; that we are bound to be strong in this and weak in that, and that no amount of education, no amount of training can do more than to strengthen us where we are strong and weakens us where we are weak, and I might say I believe it though it involves a paradox. Others there are who believe nothing in heredity. They believe all individually are precisely, exactly alike, makes no difference who are the parents of this or the parents of that, that education, that influences of a thousand and one kind during the tender years shape and mold our lives, so that it makes very little difference with what you start. Perhaps the truth is found—as is often the case in a great many things—between these extremes of the theories. I think there can be no doubt that the inheritance of a sound mind and sound body, and this is an inheritance, is invaluable. A great deal is done in shaping mind and character, in giving form almost to the body itself, by education. Education, of course, embraces a thousand and one things, not merely a lecture from the platform, not merely a recitation from the book, not merely a hint or reproof from the teacher, but the thousand and one things about us everywhere. The great work of all of us in this world, in our spheres and according to our opportunities, is to pass through life honorably and uprightly and usefully, if we may, to have as many of its enjoyments consistent with the discharge of duty, to measure our conducts by the principles which determine right from wrong, what is for the best and what is for the worst, not merely for ourselves, but for our families, for our neighbors, for our state, for our nation, for all mankind. Probably no people on the face of the earth has as many opportunities and as great duties as the American people. It has been our boast for many years, and a proud one too, that we are self-governing, that we are our own masters, uncontrolled, governing ourselves, that we make it, we administer it. This is true largely, and, yet not so largely perhaps, as in our exultant moods we would proclaim. Many people are influenced and controlled, and not always in the right direction, when they are not conscious of it. There is a tendency, always has been since the world began, and will be I suppose till its end, for certain persons to assume a controlling



guardianship over others, not by any right of authority, but for their own selfish purpose, to amass riches, to secure power to themselves. And there has always been a class, and unfortunately a large class, who are content to be led, who are content to follow, who are content to turn over to somebody else the best of thought, who are content to take from somebody else that which somebody else says is the result of thought, those who float themselves, those who go with the tide, those who go against their own interest more frequently than for their own interest. Such institutions as this, where the pupils are taught not only many things in useful branches of instruction, but are taught the art of instructing others, are taught the value of industry, are taught the pre-eminence of individuality, these institutions must rescue the country from the dangers into which a country constantly plunges and through which a country frequently falls, or the end of the republic will be written like the story of the end of all republics, in blood and ashes and ruin.

Industry is an absolutely indispensable thing in the race of life. Comparatively few people are so endowed with riches, are so well provided for in a material way by their ancestors or by chance or by accident or by some cherished friend, as that they can make their way through the world without depending in a large part upon their own exertions, and those few are of so little consequence for good in the conduct of the world's affairs, that they well may be dismissed from consideration. It is sometimes hard to determine which is most unfortunate for a person of real intellect, of heart and soul and ambition to be desperately poor or tremendously rich. In the majority of instances where such persons be very poor, wretchedly, miserably poor in the outcome of life, when the whole story is told, when the book is written, when the volume is closed, they are in advance of those who float through life upon a current ever made smooth by an abundance of riches poured into it. There is a condition of abject poverty that crushes a great many people who deserve a better fate, the repression day after day, the suppression, the disappointments, the burden of things not only horrible but things absolutely necessary, not for an hour, not for a week, not for a month, but during years, in which many a spirit sows the seeds of many a disease, destroys many a life before the difficulties can be overcome, before the gates can be passed, and the smooth bosom of the great deep can be sailed by the skilful navigator. Few, however, possessed of very great riches ever attain eminence in any particular calling, because we must have the spear of necessity in some degree, greater or less, to urge us on to our best

efforts. There must be necessity to steady the hand at the helm, there must be necessity to nerve the arm for the blow, there must be necessity to quicken and develop the intellect for the shock, else we are lost.

You come here no doubt from all the walks of life, you come here the rich, the poor, those in happier circumstances, for all practical purposes in this life, being neither very rich nor very poor, but here you are upon a common plain, here you are to prepare yourselves for life's great work, here you are to learn what you should learn in order that you may later teach to others that which they should learn. One of the great lessons of life, I think, and as people grow in years it is impressed upon them more and more, is the lesson of charity—consideration for others, forgiveness for the shortcomings of others. All of us, even the best, are a strange jumble, with one point strong as a giant, brave as a hero, another weak as an infant and fearful as a sparrow, a strange jumble we are, strange combination, and yet through life must make our way. We live with other beings, do not lead a solitary life, cannot lead a solitary life, should not desire to lead a solitary life; then we must influence others, and others must influence us; others influence us insensibly, influence us as we meet and pass in the street, in the school-room, in the work-shop, in the field, anywhere, everywhere. It is the duty of each in his own way, according to his opportunity to contribute his mite not only by carrying himself as a high-minded, intelligent citizen through life honorably, but in assisting every other one who falls within his scope of influence, so far as he may in going through the journey of life, traveling the rough and ragged path, which it often is, more easily and with a more successful outcome.

Your state is a great and historical one. We read of it among the journals of the early days of our nation. We read of the glorious deeds of your heroes in the past. We read of the heroic spots where men fought and died for liberty. You have proud names to sustain, you have a proud record to defend. You have more work than this, with your glorious past, probably foreshadowing a glorious future.

And then passing the state, a great country we all have to live for and work for, a country to defend in time of need, and the time of need is always upon us. There is no danger for this country from an open attack. There is no danger of the foe crossing the waters and landing upon our shores ever being able to strike down our flag, or to destroy the heroes, willing defenders of that splendid emblem of our country. Our dangers are of our own making. Our dangers are in the influences

which we breathe ourselves, from elements which we foster, from institutions which we encourage. Therefore, it behooves every good citizen to look well to the principles of those aspiring to office, to look well to the principles involved in proposed legislation, to look well to the principles upon which parties are builded and according to which men act or propose to act.

Our experiment in free government has been more successful than anywhere else upon the whole earth. Yet we ought to remember that the history of the earth, that the story of man, since he marched from savagery, as far as self-government is concerned, has been a story of promising attainments, of promising outlook, of a brief reign, and then a powerful collapse, then the ruin and the darkness, the degradation, and then the humiliation followed. We can escape this simply by guarding against influences which wrought the ruin of other free peoples. We can preserve our institutions, we can administer our own government, we can keep the government sound and true only by ceaseless vigilance and care; only by the exercise of intelligence guided by virtue; only by the intention, never departed from, to do that which is right and which is according to the eternal principles, tried during the ages and emanating from above; in no other way can we perpetuate this experiment of this free government here and make it a crowning success, not through a few years, but through centuries, and on to the dim light of time, when governments here shall be no more.

There is no reason why a government founded upon correct principles among a people of stability and ability and intelligence, there is no good reason why it ever should fall. People must live in some form of government or lapse back into savagery. People must govern themselves, or others will govern them. People must preserve freedom or others will impose tyranny upon them. There is no reason, if men will simply attend to their duties, if each person within his own province will be vigilant and honest and brave, there is no reason why government founded upon correct principles should not be as lasting as the institutions of men, as lasting upon this earth as a race of human beings.

What are the things that tend to undermine free government? What is it that brings people who seek to govern themselves to the fall? The story is an old and simple one, and seems to be almost as natural as from youth to manhood; from middle age to death. Usually, there is a sturdy period, a period of heroes, a period of comparatively poor people, upon equality, sturdy, independent, but people who

stand upon principle. Then comes a comparatively enjoyable period, brilliant and showy—a period with institutions established, when the sturdier men have passed off. Those who had to battle with a thousand difficulties are succeeded by those who find things smooth and easy, who sail upon the glassy sea, who sail at will, who encounter no storm, and whose vision of the appearance of the storm seems a thing distant; so distant that it never will come. Then comes a period still farther when inequality creeps in; when some get too many privileges and others too few; too much power to those few; too much oppression upon those many. By some people this is regarded as the highest evidence of civilization.

Some people measure growth and advance in civilization by looking at the mountain peaks, taking no account of the plain below; by seeing the lofty spire of the millionaire pierce the clouds, taking no account of the plain, modest dwelling and the hovel miles below. Some see prosperity and advancement in great wealth; in its showy evidence; but history tells us, and history is uniform upon the subject, that that condition of some few enormously rich and powerful and many desperately and hopelessly poor is the condition which has preceded the fall; the condition which has ushered in ruin to free governments of the past. I suppose that I would not be trenching upon dangerous subjects, and would not be taken as an enthusiast or alarmist if I were to say that perhaps some of these appearances are now visible in our land. In the last few years there seems to have been a separation taking place out of the great body of people upon the plain of equality. A few have risen—if I may use the term without stopping to analyze its meaning—a few have risen by power and wealth; eminent millionaires, approaching the millionaire state, and multitudes have drifted from independence to dependence. True, thousands of improvements have been made; invention and discovery have marked the land and every quarter of it, inventions most useful and discoveries marvelous. If only the great mass of the people, if only the people abroad in the land, if only God's people on this broad earth could get the benefits of these discoveries and advancements, and if too much of these benefits were not absorbed by a comparatively few, rendering even worse with progress and discovery, paradoxical as the expression may seem, the condition of many who cannot meet the change and who have to put their own feeble bodies and own feeble efforts against machines, discoveries and appliances, backed by millions and controlled by great wealth and power, in comparison with which they are mere specks contrasted with suns.

But, I said to you in the outset that if I were to give a name to my broken discourse it would be to call it "Logic and Sentiment; or, Argument and Persuasion." I come back to it. I believe that not only will the progress of each person through the world be smoother, the journey have more of sunshine about it, and about the pathway cluster more and sweeter flowers, if persuasion, the persuasion of kindly feeling, the warm sentiments, be relied upon rather than the force of argument. Somehow, when you go into the realm of argument each person essays to take a part there himself, and very likely he takes the antagonistic part. In the judgment of some you may have the better argument, force reason upon him, yet he will at least maintain consistency and defend his own individuality by insisting that he is right and that you are wrong. But there is no resisting the witchery of kindly feeling. There is no disposition to stand up against the persuasion of kindly sentiments. There never is a disposition, generally speaking, to retard the thing that comes forth in kindness and sympathy. Once have the sympathy of an audience or person, once the kindly feeling, and then how easily the argument goes. Sympathy carries an argument where logic never could float it. Sympathy aids reason and furnished conviction where argument alone would be powerless. And, perhaps, those who are the most successful in a public way or in the private walks of life; those who are most loved in their families; those who are the most looked up to in their community, are the people who somehow combine in happy combination the argumentative and the persuasive, an appeal to the intellect, with a more powerful appeal to the heart. There is no resisting, no such thing as resisting, no disposition to resist, what is right. The man who combines the logician and the sentimentalist upon a high plain; the man whose sentiments are correct, whose advice is not blighted with selfish motives, but comes out from the right spirit; who has reason for the faith that is in him, and whose faith itself wins its way because it is kindly and sympathetic. If I were in a different presence, if the occasion were a different one, I would yield to the promptings of my heart this morning and venture to detain you, even for a moment, which I will not do, in a feeble endeavor to portray to you the one man of all men; indeed, the one man in all the land today, so far as I know, the one man in all my experience in life who combines superbly the man of logic and the man of sentiment; whose love for the people is beyond human comparison; whose tenacity in sticking to purpose, whose kindly persuasiveness, whose ever-abundant, ever-abiding good feeling for all, has a charm for an audience, has a charm in the family

circle, has a charm for the ignorant in the handshake, which, so far as my experience and observation go, is without comparison.

I have enjoyed very much my visit to your beautiful state. I shall long remember the pleasant and inspiring sight of these happy faces. I wish each and every one of you abundant success in life. I can picture in my imagination only faintly and only feebly the good that you will do. You will scatter; one will go to the East, another to the West, one to this town and another to that town, and around each will be the radiance of good influence, around each one will be the growth of sentiment, far better, kinder, nobler than if this institution had not existed. And, then, out beyond the state, many of you will cross state lines, some perhaps impelled by that disposition to go West, may go even West beyond the great Mississippi, to the great state in which I dwell, and the sister states in that direction; but wherever you go, and whatever your calling in life immediately or later may be, the possibility, the certainty, if you remain true to the teachings which you have here received; if you follow the instincts of your better nature; if you realize (and women do it so well, and act upon it as most of them do); that the kindly, sympathetic touch goes farther than argument; that you can persuade, that you can draw, that you can lead, where by the force of logic you never could drive, the good that you will do cannot be measured in this world. People may see some of it on a grand scale. Some of you may have a fortune, good or ill, and I am in doubt which it is, to rise to a position of prominence in the country; but, however that may be, there is a final record kept of all these deeds, whether good or bad, where not only everything done, but everything attempted; not only everything attempted, everything thought of, every wish, every aspiration, every hope, every deed, great and small—a faithful record. When that record is unfolded what a record it will be for this school and such schools as this. What a record, I doubt not, it will be for the individuals who go out today; who go out in the years to come to do good, to minister to the good of the state, to instruct the plastic mind, to mold it to shape. May the direction be the direction which our fathers gave; may the direction be the direction which they started; may we live upon the plain they have placed us; may we be content with a mighty triumph of free government, in a free land, upon correct principles, and may we discard and throw away as dangerous and sinful any deviation from the correct principles of all time and all eternity, and not go upon seas shoreless and without chart or compass, to be buffeted by any wind, to be engulfed at any point. I thank you.

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HISTORY OF WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

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ADDRESS BY MIRIAM BITTING-KENNEDY, M. D.,

to the Alumnæ of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College for Women, Greensboro, N. C.,  
June 19, 1900.

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"Nobody knows how soon Mother Eve began to tie up the stumped toes of her boys, or tax her wits for a remedy to stop the aches and cries of the urchins who set the small boy the first example of dining on green apples." Ever since there has been history women have contributed to the healing of disease and accident, though it is but occasionally until modern times that one learns of specific cases. Here and there, as the long centuries roll, one, who is interested in our subject, sees a glint of actual conditions by the record of the few whose names have lived. It has always been woman's peculiar province to be the one to assist in the opening of the "gates of life," and it is through her work as an Obstetrician that she has been enabled to gain a foothold in modern life as a practitioner of Medicine and Surgery. We are told (Exod. 1:15) that Pharaoh called two midwives—Shiprah (Miss Beauty) and Puah (Miss Mouth)—to him, instructing them to kill all male children born to the Hebrews. "Very suitable were these names; Miss Beauty could flatter the mother and Miss Mouth could start the gossip."

It is said, that as early as the eleventh century B. C. Medical Colleges for women and men existed in Egypt. Æsculapius had women as well as men students. Hygeia, daughter of Æsculapius was learned in medicine. Homer makes mention of female practitioners of medicine and pays tribute to their skill and learning. In Homer's Iliad (Prof. Blaikie's translation) we read, "A leech was she, and well she knew all herbs on ground that grew." Mythology corroborates woman's capacity to practice medicine. Isis presided over the health of human species. Among the Romans, Juno Lucina presided over childbirth:—Ocyrrhoe, the daughter of Chiron, was also a learned physician. Among the Greeks, Olympias, of Thebes, Aspasia and Agnodice were pre-eminent for their ability and medical writings. The skill of Agnodice, of whom Aetius makes mention, was such as to have brought about the legal opening of the medical profession to all free-born women of the state. The

first qualified woman physician in Europe, so far as is known, was this young Athenian woman, Agnodice. In the year 300 B. C. she disguised herself as a man, and began to attend the medical schools at Athens, which it was against the law for a woman to do. She afterward practiced among the women of Athens with extraordinary success. But her secret becoming known, she was prosecuted for studying and practicing medicine illegally. The Athenian women, however, raised so furious an agitation in consequence, that the case was dropped and the law repealed. Phenarete, the mother of Socrates, was a midwife, brave and burly. Cleopatra is quoted and respected by Paulus Aegnieta for writings and contributions to medical literature. In far away Arabia women were assigned all obstetrical work and men were forbidden to attend at all.

After these, the next worthy of mention is the famous school of Salerno, Italy. The origin of this University is not known, but it dates back to the ninth century, reached its greatest glory in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and almost to the sixteenth century was the head source of all medical learning. To this school of medicine came Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Normans and others. This school opened its doors to women and contained at times women as professors. Many of the women of Salerno were of noble birth. Sichelgaita (mentioned by Scott and Gibbon), Stephania, Costanza Calena, renowned for her beauty as well as her learning, Abella, Rebecca Guarna, Marguerite of Sicily, who gained a great reputation and was licensed to practice medicine by Ladislaus, King of Poland, and Trotulà de Ruggiero, the most famous of them all, are some whose names have come down to us. All of these women practiced all branches of medicine. A Salerno recipe: To make hair golden—Take of Elder Bark, flowers of broom, yolk of egg and saffron equal parts; boil in water, skim off what floats on surface and use as pomade. Aegonia roots, steeped in honey, to give blush to ladies' faces.

In the year 1311 an edict was issued in France forbidding surgeons and female surgeons from practicing until they had passed a satisfactory examination before the proper authorities. These female surgeons are again referred to in an edict in 1352.

At the University of Bologna, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was a woman, Anna Moranda Mazzolina, whose husband held the chair of Anatomy. It happened that he fell ill, and she being a loving wife sought to supply to him the place of his enfeebled powers, so she became an anatomist, and delivered his lectures for him from behind a curtain. She became famous and was offered a chair





DR. MIRIAM BITTING-KENNEDY.



at Milan, which she refused, and remained at Bologna until her death in 1744. Her anatomical models in wax are the pride of the Anatomical Museum at Bologna.

Maria Della Donna received her degree of M. D. at Bologna University, 1806, and was appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte to the chair of Obstetrics in that university.

In Germany, Frau Dorothea Christiana Erxleben, June 12, 1754, practiced medicine and was the wife of the Deacon of the St. Nicholas church in Quedlinburg. In the history of her life she wrote that "Marriage is no obstacle to a woman's studies, but that their pursuit was far pleasanter in the companionship of an intelligent husband." Early in this century Frau von Seibold and her daughter, Frau von Heidenreich, obtained medical degrees at Giessen and rose to great distinction.

In France, Madame la Chapelle (1759-1821) and Madame Boivin (1779-1841) stand pre-eminent among the most renowned accoucheurs of their generation. These women were *both* general practitioners of medicine, but were especially distinguished in Obstetrics. "History records nothing more brilliant than their achievements." Today they are quoted in many standard medical works.

In England and America in early times no women achieved such success as the Italian, French and German women, but there have at all times been enough to testify that in all ages there have been women who possessed qualities so pre-eminently fitted to make them successful practitioners of the art and promoters of the science of medicine that they have risen to be the peers of the most distinguished men of the time in spite of lack of early mental training.

In our own colonial days much of the practice of medicine was in the hands of women, but as it became more scientific it gradually became restricted to men. The New England mothers were the forerunners of our modern medical women. In Blake's "Annals of the Town of Dorchester, Mass.," is the record of a Mrs. Wiat, age 94 years, who had, as midwife, assisted at the birth of 1100 or more children.

In 1821 in England was born Elizabeth Blackwell, destined to be the first woman in America to graduate in medicine. She is the medical mother of all of us eight thousand or more American women physicians, and it was she who blazed the way for our study. This noble woman studied medicine not because she loved it, but because she believed women should be practitioners of medicine, and that she should open the way for such study. She was thrown upon her own resources as

to financial matters, and was almost entirely alone in her efforts to gain admission to a medical college. In 1847, after writing to many colleges, and after having been refused admission to several to which she had personally applied, she was finally admitted to Geneva (N. Y.). On receiving her application for admission, the faculty, hoping to have her application refused, took it before the students, stipulating if there were one discordant voice she should be refused. They voted unanimously to admit her. The following letter, which Dr. Blackwell considers one of her most valuable possessions, is worthy of our notice.

"At a meeting of the entire medical class of Geneva Medical College, held this day, October 20th, 1847, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"1. *Resolved*, That one of the radical principles of a republican government is the universal education of both sexes; that to every branch of scientific education the door should be open to all; that the application of Elizabeth Blackwell to become a member of our class meets our entire approbation; and, in extending our unanimous invitation, we pledge ourselves that no conduct of ours shall cause us to regret her attendance at this institution.

"2. *Resolved*, That a copy of these proceedings be signed by the chairman and transmitted to Elizabeth Blackwell.

"T. J. STRATTON, Chairman."

After two years of study at Geneva, she was graduated, having won the respect of all, the admiration of many and the warm friendship of her class. A brother describes the commencement—i. e., the part which concerns us—as follows in a letter to his home people: "After a short address by the president, the diplomas were conferred (four being called up at a time), and, ascending the steps to the platform, the president addressed them in a Latin formula, taking off his hat, but remaining seated, and so handed them their diplomas, which they received with a bow, and retired. Elizabeth was left to the last and called up alone, the president taking off his hat, and addressing her in the same formula, substituting "Domina" for "Domine," presented her the diploma, whereupon our Sis, who had walked up and stood before him with much dignity, bowed and turned to retire, but suddenly turning back, replied, 'Sir, I thank you. By the help of the Most High it shall be the effort of my life to shed honor upon your diploma,' whereupon she bowed and the president bowed and the audience gave manifestations of applause, and our Sis, descending the steps, took her place with her fellow-physicians in the front. One of the pro-

professors pronounced her 'the *leader* of her class' and that by 'her ladylike and dignified deportment she had proved that the strongest intellect and nerve and the most untiring perseverance were compatible with the softest attributes and feminine delicacy and grace.' "

Dr. Emily Blackwell, sister of Elizabeth, was a few years later graduated from Cleveland (Ohio) Medical College. They established the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Dr. Elizabeth subsequently returned to England, the land of her birth, to aid the medical education of women there.

In 1850 "The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania" was founded, being the first school of medicine for women. In Boston, in 1848, a school was organized to teach women midwifery, but not a college of medicine. Recently the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. At this meeting was present Dr. Marie Zakrewska, who in 1854 helped Dr. Emily Blackwell in her arduous pioneer work in New York. One cannot but feel a benediction just from her presence, so vividly does she link one with early hardships. She and Dr. Emily Blackwell are both still vigorous women, an inspiration to all women to put forth energy in some worthy work.

The Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1853 adopted the longest course of any medical college in the country. The New York Infirmary and Woman's Medical College were always ahead in their standards. In 1869 a three years' course was introduced. Then, in 1853, the New York Infirmary for Women and Children was founded by Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell and Dr. Zakrewska, now of Boston. The first chair of hygiene in this country was founded by this college. The college was founded in 1865; first class graduated in 1870. In 1867 a Russian was the first woman to receive a full medical diploma from the University of French Zurich. Mary C. Putnam (Jacobi) graduated in Paris in 1871, the second woman to graduate in medicine in Paris; the first was an Englishwoman. In 1876 there were 22 women studying in the Ecole de Medicine in Paris.

In Holland, 1865, the first woman was graduated in pharmacy. In eleven years succeeding 1868 one hundred women entered as students in pharmacy, and underwent examinations. Among an equal number of applicants twice as many women as men have succeeded.

In 1873, the University of Holland opened its doors to women. In Belgium

women have been refused permission to study medicine. In Italy the universities have never been closed to women. In Denmark all the departments of University of Copenhagen (except theology) have been thrown open to women. In 1865 Miss Garrett, after great trouble, obtained a license to medicine in England. In 1874 the London School of Medicine for Women was founded by Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake. Professor Huxley was one of her first professors. In 1872 women were admitted to the University of Melbourne, Australia. In 1867, in Bareilly, India, a medical school for women was founded. This was attended by native women during a course of three years.

The Eclectic Medical School, in Rochester, N. Y., opened its doors to women in 1849, and several notable women were graduated therefrom. Among these was Dr. Sarah Adamson Dolley, of Rochester, who, for forty years or more, practiced medicine in Rochester, N. Y. She was graduated in 1851. Another graduate of this Rochester school was Mrs. Gleason, wife of a young Vermont doctor. They had a sanitarium in Elmira, N. Y., and practiced medicine in harmonious content. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi says, "There is something idyllic in this episode. Here in Western New York was realized, simply and naturally, the ideal life of a married pair as was once described by Michelet, where the common interests and activities should embrace not only the home circle but also the professional life. By Mrs. Gleason's happy career, the complex experiment in life which was being made by the first group of women physicians was enriched by a special and, on some accounts, peculiarly interesting type"—viz. married women physicians.

Drs. Thomas and Elizabeth Longshore (the latter the first woman physician to settle in Philadelphia) were also married.

In 1879, Dr. Chadwick, of Boston, said that "the reason women have begun the practice of medicine lies in the innate modesty and fastidiousness of women, which has been gaining since the days of Queen Charlotte and the mother of Victoria, both attended by midwives." Ann Preston and Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell saw more than this; they saw more than the preservation of propriety, more than a remunerative occupation for a few women; they saw an avenue of escape from the physical deterioration and intellectual inanition that ever lie in wait for the unoccupied; an outlet into the invigorating atmosphere of activity in which she could fully realize the fullness of her being as a member of the human hierarchy.

Professor Frances Emily White, of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylv-

vania, says in order that a professional field may be successfully occupied by women women it must offer the following conditions:

1. The work must be within the scope of her mental and physical abilities.
2. It must afford scope for qualities known as peculiarly feminine.
3. It shall make such demand on the physical and mental energies of women as shall serve to develop these energies.
4. Compensation must be adequate to enable those who pursue it to devote their best efforts to the work, which must therefore be acceptable to the community.

That medical work fulfils these conditions the thousands of women physicians in America today testify.

Women today are profiting by their opportunities for culture and better education along medical as other lines. There are now between thirty and forty co-educational medical colleges, among which are such prominent ones as the Universities of Michigan, Iowa, Cornell, California, Oregon, Colorado, Buffalo, and last and greatest of all, Johns Hopkins in Baltimore.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, probably the most prominent woman in the medical profession today, and herself a great writer, says that the writing of women physicians is creditable. In another fifty or a hundred years we may, as a result of our great opportunities, show as good work as men in original investigation and scientific research. At Johns Hopkins we have Dr. Claribel Cone and others doing such fine original work along pathological lines that Dr. Jacobi said a recent paper of hers was the most scientific to which she had ever listened at the alumnæ meeting of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Our graduates are surgeons of the first quality, too; obstetricians, oculists, specialists of every kind (Dr. Musson, McKenzie), showing very conclusively that women have ability to engage in any branch of medical work to which their tastes may lead them.

For twelve years the city of Brooklyn has had Dr. Susan R. Pray on its regular board of health corps, as inspector of contagious diseases. In the June issue of the Philadelphia Medical Monthly is this extract:

"Women as Sanitarians.—At a recent meeting of the boards of health of Pennsylvania, Dr. Benjamin Lee emphasized a truth to which insufficient attention has been paid. Women, he said, are born sanitarians, whereas men must be taught. This fact, we should say, is based upon the evolution of the race, as the role that cleanliness plays in civilization is undoubtedly due to women. Even today it is hard

work for the women to keep the best of us men clean and tidy. Advantage of this fact should be taken in our national housekeeping. True wisdom consists in utilizing the teachings, tendencies and habits shown in the racial development. Women, by office and evolution, are the housekeepers and health officers of the family. Let them become publicly and officially our health officers and sanitary managers. The marvelous ability and success already shown by them in this field warrants every confidence. There are millions of unoccupied women who can thus find a work that will bring gladness to the giver and receiver, and will lift us a long way in the progress of civilization."

To quote Dr. Jacobi again (in "Higher Education of Women"), "Education consists in the acquisition, step by step, of a definite amount of information. It is very little more difficult to sit six hours doing nothing than to read Latin or Greek or medicine. The great mass of women always have led, and do still lead, arduous lives; hence the question is, What *kind* of activity shall it be?" Intellectual activity tends to give control to lower centres, which increases health. The desire to be co-worker with man upon the highest level belongs only to superior women. Women who are trained make the best wives, the wisest mothers and are themselves the happiest women. Such women can give to the world not many children, but better children. Maternity broadens and elevates woman, intellectually and physically. The maternal instinct which lies dormant in the nature of every woman awakens her mental being into increased activity the moment it is called into life."



## SIDE-TRACKED FOR TWENTY YEARS.

ALICE GOODRIDGE DANIEL.

"Why, hello, William!" At this strangely familiar address, Mr. Levy turned and saw standing in the door of the hotel a tall, handsome man, of about forty years of age. The face he did not recall, but struck with the voice and merry twinkle in the stranger's eye, he exclaimed, almost unconsciously, "Walter Beverly, is that you?"

"The same old boy. Have I changed so much that even you don't know me?"

"Oh, I knew you after a second's thought; but, old fellow, twenty years have left a few traces on your brow. Where did you come from, and when?"

"Owing to close business confinement my health has failed, so the physician ordered me to travel. I thought, among other places, I would spend a few days in Malford, though not a member of our family lives here now, and I see a thriving grocery store on the old homestead lot."

"We are heartily glad to see you; and I am sure you could not have found a better place in which to regain your health. Come around to see us this evening. I am living at father's old place. My wife will be delighted to have you."

"Your wife! Pray, whom have you married?"

"Don't you remember we used to call at Major Venable's together? Well, Nellie is now Mrs. William Levy."

"'Wonders never cease.' She was a mere child when I left. By the way, what has become of her friend, Miss Mary Edmonston?"

"Ha, ha; we used to tease you unmercifully about her, just to see you get fiery mad. She is teaching school since her father's death."

"I did not think she, so full of life and fun, would ever choose that for her occupation," said Mr. Beverly, "but I must not keep you longer."

"I have an important engagement for this hour," said Mr. Levy; "but I am so glad to have you back. It seems like old times."

Several hours later the two gentlemen turned in at the gate of Mr. Levy's home. There, as everywhere else Mr. Beverly had been, wonderful changes had

taken place; but, still, among the modern improvements, stood here and there a landmark of the former days. The great oaks, beneath whose shade he and William had so often played, the long hedges of box, the stone steps, all brought up memories of his happy boyhood.

The little Nellie, of a score of years ago, cordially greeted her old acquaintance as he entered with her husband, and the three proceeded to the cosy sitting room. There was a little Nellie of today and two bright, hearty little boys.

"Well, William," said Mr. Beverly, "if this does not seem strange! I feel like I am in a dream."

But the bright, lively conversation and the delicious supper soon put an end to any such sensations.

After tea, Mrs. Levy left the two old friends alone; and, naturally, the conversation drifted back to their boyhood days. They had many a hearty laugh over the old jokes and pranks, and many a secret experience of their youth was revealed that night. Reunion after the long separation, the hour and surroundings caused them to unbosom their feelings as, perhaps, they had never done before.

"Well, tell me, Walter," said Mr. Levy, "what made you leave North Carolina so suddenly. After your father moved to Gray Harbor, the next thing I heard you were in Texas."

"It is rather a strange story and I never told it before, but it happened so long ago I almost feel like I was some one else then. I was a foolish boy—just eighteen, you know." Here Mr. Beverly paused.

"Go ahead. Tell me all about it, old fellow. I want to hear the history of your life since we parted."

"All right. When father moved to Gray Harbor he put me in school. One evening several of us boys were invited around to Mr. Smith's to a reception given in honor of a young lady from Arkansas. I went, and when I first saw that girl I took her to be an angel. It was not necessary that she should have wings; I was satisfied without that. To look at her fairly took my breath away. I hated my books and got to be a sort of dreamer, but could dream of nothing but her. Life lost its charm when she was out of my sight. Mother—dear old soul—thought my health was failing from hard study and wanted me to stop school.

"At length, after many pleasant meetings, the time arrived when the young lady took her departure for her distant home. I shall never forget that day, or the

ecstatic thrill that overwhelmed my whole being when she placed her beautiful little hand in mine for the last time. After she left I fell into a sort of dreamy stupor. Father took me from school and sent me out to the farm. After about six months I concluded to write that girl the best love letter ever written by the pen of mortal man, and to let her know I could no longer do without her. I knew she must be in the same agonizing suspense, and I wanted to put her out of her misery. Every poem, ancient and modern, was ransacked to find similes to express my feelings. It took two weeks to write it, and was the loftiest effort at composition I ever made. The letter was mailed at midnight lest some prying eye should see it. In great trepidation and with but little sleep, I waited for the answer. At last it came in a beautiful, perfumed envelope, with a fancy motto on the seal—two hands joined together. After waiting until my agitation had somewhat subsided I broke the seal; and, behold, my own letter which I had written to her dropped out, and with it a newspaper clipping describing her marriage, which had taken place only a few weeks after her return home.

“About that time, my uncle from Dallas paid us a visit. He insisted that I return with him, and with but little encouragement, I accepted his invitation. There I was offered a good position and began work in earnest. I determined to master my old affection. From hotel to office, from office to hotel, it has been with me for twenty years. This spring my health failed from overwork. I have told you the doctor’s verdict and my decision to visit North Carolina.

“By traveling a few hundred miles out of my way, I could pass through the town in which the angel of my youth lived; so I went, and entering the town under an assumed name, saw her without being recognized. Those heavenly blue eyes were sunken and dreamy; that queenly step had lost its elasticity, and a sickly pallor had taken the place of that soft, beautiful complexion which had all the richness of a peach as the blow came and went. As I turned away, it was with a thankful heart that an allwise Providence had guided my footsteps and spared me the fate which had been allotted to another fellow.”

Several times during the relation of this experience the two men had laughed heartily, as if it were of some character in a book, or one quite unknown to them. But now the conversation took a more serious turn.

“And, Walter, you never cared for another woman?”

“No, I have learned to hate the sex. I am wed to my business.”

"Well, I never thought to hear a remark like that from you. A wife is the very best thing a man can have. When Nellie is away everything goes wrong from my bills to my buttons."

"For many a year I have been managing matters for myself and expect to keep it up without a woman's meddling."

"But, Walter, not only is my wife the greatest help and pleasure, but my life has been broadened and deepened by our marriage. My interest in the social, political and religious conditions of the country is more vital and whole-hearted, for in their future is wrapped up the welfare of those who are dearer to me than life. I work with a higher aim; I live with a higher ideal in view. Of course, I am not contrasting my life with yours, but my present with my former self, and I believe you would be better and happier married. You make a mistake in judging all women harshly because of that foolish boy-love of yours. You are off the track. All women are not humbugs."

"I was fool enough to fall into Cupid's snares once, but I'll never be entrapped again. War is more interesting to me than women. What do you think of the way the English have treated the Boers?"

So they talked on about the news of the day until the clock struck twelve, when Mr. Beverly took his departure for the hotel. He went to his room, but somehow he was restless. The happy home of William Levy kept coming up before him and the words, "You are off the track, you are off the track," rang in his ears. "What have I been living for?" he said to himself. "To gain wealth and honor that will perish with me. Mine has been a narrow, selfish, but lonely life." And in the dark he unconsciously threw out his hand as if to knock down the barrier he had built between himself and the world. Finally, being wearied out with thinking, a gentle sleep crept over him.

It was late the next morning when he awoke. After breakfast he took a leisurely stroll through the town. Here and there an old friend greeted him, but with the new buildings and improvements a new generation had sprang up; and as he turned back toward the hotel, he pulled his hat down over his forehead and was soon lost in thought.

On rounding a corner—dash!—a startled woman and two or three books falling to the ground.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he managed to stammer out, as he stooped to pick them up.

"It is granted, sir,—but Walter—Mr. Beverly, where did you come from, heaven?"

"No; I have just reached there," he said by way of reply.

"We welcome you back to Malford," she said.

There was the same cordial manner, the same sweet smile, the same pugnose, too; yes, the same Mary Edmondston!

"May I carry your books for you, Miss Edmonston?" So they walked along, chatting of the past and present. Every one they passed gazed in astonishment at Miss Mary and the stranger, for it had been many a day since a young man had dared attempt keep step with her.

Days passed into weeks and Mr. Beverly's health continued to improve. The exhilarating air of Malford made a new man of him; but it seemed that none was so effective as the breezes which played around the old Edmonston homestead. As he sat one balmy evening with the little school teacher on a rustic seat beneath the clambering rose-vine, fragrant with blossoms, he told her the story of his life, in outline the same he had related to Mr. Levy; but now the jesting and sarcasm had disappeared and the experience was represented as being that of a friend of his in Dallas. After he finished a short silence followed, which was broken by his companion.

"Why, he does not know what love is. Poor fellow, a boyish fancy has turned aside the channel of his life. Furthermore, even if he is a good friend of yours, I believe if he ever really loved that woman he would not have breathed it to you or to anyone else."

"I am the man," said Mr. Beverly firmly. "And, Mary, I do know what love is. You taught me—began the lesson long ago, but I have been playing truant for twenty years. Now, I return and with only one look you complete it. Will you —?"

The next morning Mr. Bevelry was briskly walking down the street, half breathing to himself a soft little "yes" he had heard the night before, when he met Mr. Levy.

"Well, Walter, I never saw a man improve as you have. You look like you have bathed in the fountain of youth."

"I have just gotten on the track, William. Next month I shall return to Dallas, carrying my health restorer with me."

"Let me congratulate you, old fellow. Next to the finest woman living is yours."

## AN ALLEGORY.

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SUE NASH, '00.

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A gloriously beautiful Woman, whose noble mein and gentle face inspired all who looked on her to better things, stood on a bright, sunny little hill. All around the trees were clothed in the gorgeous foliage which comes just before their sad death in winter, and birds were twittering their last farewell before flitting to warmer climates.

As the Woman stood thus, beautiful and surrounded with beauty, a long line of girls, some bright and happy, some careworn and weary in spite of their youth, filed past, and each, as she stood at the feet of the Woman, spoke:

"O Beautiful One, thou canst make my life broader and deeper; to thee I come for aid. Grant me that for which I crave!"

Then the Woman, stretching forth a strong, white hand, spoke, saying: "My child, all I have I give to thee, that thou mayst answer thine own prayer. That which thou cravest will only come after four years of toil, which must continue through rain or sunshine, joy or sorrow. A little plot from my wide, fertile acres shall be given thee and seed to be planted therein. My servants will aid thee in the planting, but the watching, watering and plucking out of weeds must be done by thine own hands. Eight months must thou labor thus; then return to thy home for rest. When autumn again touches the leaves into crimson and gold, return to me and again sow and labor and reap. Four years of such toil will bring the desired reward." The soft voice died away and the girls passed on to the sunny little plats assigned to them. There they found hundreds of other workers scattered over the broad fields.

Ground was prepared and seed planted. Soon little shoots came up, which must be tended and watered; often, alas, with their own tears, for the sun was hot and weeds numerous.

Eight months of this and then the harvest. Some brought in little baskets of seed, ripe and ready to be planted the next year; but some—the wayward and the shiftless—brought in only stiff, dry weeds. The harvest stowed away, the girls went joyfully home to spend the summer.



BASKETBALL TEAM.





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The next autumn found the same band of girls—grown thinner in ranks, however—planting the seed harvested the year before on plots which had been widened to accommodate the greater number of seed.

So they toiled for four years, each year on a wider field, in warmer, brighter sunshine, with more laughter and songs and fewer tears and groans. Each year the band grew smaller, till the end of the fourth only saw thirty-one, and then came the last beautiful harvest. Amid smiles and tears, and laden with flowers and fruits, which four years of hard labor had brought to perfection, they went to say "Farewell" to the beautiful Woman, their Alma Mater. One by one they filed by her and each drew from her bosom a pure waxen white flower, on whose petals were written "Love" and "Gratitude," and laid it at the feet of the noble Woman.

Then the little band passed on over "life's unresting sea," filling the air with the perfume of its flowers and nourishing hundreds of starving children with the fruit they carried.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

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SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 17.

Our Commencement began on Sunday morning with an able and eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. John S. Watkins, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church, of Spartanburg, S. C.

A large audience from Greensboro and other towns in the state listened eagerly to a discourse founded on the text, "So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty." Psalm 45:11.

Dr. Watkins discussed beauty in its several phases, laying special emphasis on the life of a follower of Christ. Many Christian lives are not beautiful, he said, because they do not illustrate religion in such a way as to make it attractive. We must not only believe, but adorn. Three things are necessary to a beautiful Christian life—genuineness, completeness and congruity. The importance of cultivating moral graces and virtues was urged. In order to attain moral and spiritual beauty it is necessary to develop every power with which God has endowed us, and all attainments must be crowned with holiness, which is woman's true beauty.

Dr. Watkins closed his sermon by saying: "Young ladies, my prayer for you is the prayer breathed by David in the last verse of the ninetieth Psalm, "And let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." We regret exceedingly our inability to reproduce the sermon in full.

The music on this occasion was especially enjoyed. A notable innovation was made in the addition of male voices to those of the Glee Club, and ten gentlemen from Greensboro were invited to assist.

"The Heavens Are Telling," the celebrated counterpoint chorus from Haydn's "Creation," was rendered in fine style, the solo parts being sung by Miss Lucy Glenn, Mr. Richard Crawford and Mr. Harry Scott Bradley.

After the sermon the beautiful number, "I Waited for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," was sung by Mrs. B. C. Sharpe, Miss Minnie Jamison, Prof. C. R. Brown, Mr. Bradley and the chorus. The solo, duet and quartette were exquisitely rendered and added impressiveness to the beautiful service by Dr.

Watkins. We hope we shall frequently have the Glee Club augmented by male voices. The gentlemen so kindly assisting were Messrs. R. Crawford, J. T. B. Shaw, J. Wheeler, C. Brockmann, T. L. Brown, F. M. Brown, Franz O. Lawson, Ney Forbis and Royall Farrar.

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#### SUNDAY EVENING, 8:30.

On Sunday evening, the Young Women's Christian Association held its last service, which was conducted by Dr. Egbert W. Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Greensboro, N. C.

Dr. Smith spoke from the text: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." —Mark 10: 45.

To those who had never heard Dr. Smith before this sermon was a rare pleasure, and to those of us who have listened for several years with so much pleasure and profit to his earnest, helpful sermons, it was a crowning blessing.

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#### ALUMNÆ RECEPTION.

The annual reception given by the Faculty to the Senior Class and Alumnæ was held this year on Monday evening in our spacious dining hall, which was most beautifully decorated in vines, ferns and cut flowers.

After being most cordially received by Dr. and Mrs. McIver, Miss Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Joyner and Dr. Gove, we were conducted by dainty marshals to easy chairs, or left to wander at will among the numerous guests and former students.

Above the merry jest and happy laugh of girls was heard sweetest music, discoursed by the Gate City Band.

The Junior Class, ever gracious and engaging, served us with ice cream and cake, which bore unmistakable evidence of Dughi's art. It was—well, late when we took our leave, with hearts full of thanks to those who had given us so delightful an evening.

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#### TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 19.

Tuesday morning the Senior Class was received into the Alumnæ Association, which, after a short meeting, adjourned to the chapel, where a large audience had

already gathered. While the crowd was assembling the Gate City Band entertained us with sweet music, and at 11 A. M., after a prayer offered by Rev R. G. Tuttle, of the Western North Carolina Conference, Dr. McIver introduced to us the speaker of the day, Dr. Miriam Bitting-Kennedy, of Yonkers, New York, the first woman to hold the position of physician in a college in the South. Dr. McIver expressed the pride which our college takes in being the first college in the South to employ a woman as resident physician. Dr. Kennedy, who has been married for several years, is now an active practitioner in Yonkers, N. Y.

Following Dr. McIver's introduction, she gave us a most interesting and instructive address, sparkling with wit and humor.

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#### TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

##### CLASS-DAY EXERCISES.

On account of the rain on Monday our Class Exercises were postponed until Tuesday afternoon, when the whole earth, fresh with moisture and clothed in sunshine, seemed as radiant as the faces of the girls, who grouped themselves around the class-tree according to their respective classes.

The Senior Class, walking in twos, were bound together by floral ropes, carried on the outside of each line. At the entrance of the space assigned them, marked by draperies of white and violet bunting, the couples separated, forming a circle around the tree. The members of the Senior Class were dressed in white dimities and wore soft Leghorn hats, covered with violets and chiffon.

The "Address of Welcome" by Miss Lewis, the president of the class, was as follows:

"PRESIDENT MCIVER, MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNÆ, STUDENTS OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—In the name of the Class of 1900, I extend to you a cordial welcome to our Class exercises. As the doors of college life are closing behind us and we stand with reluctant feet at the threshold of our Commencement in life, we ask of you a few minutes to return with us into the past and take a short review of our history during the four years we have been a part of our Alma Mater. Then, when we have buried our past, we will take a peep into the future and see what destiny has in store for us.

"But there is one fact in our history of which you are all doubtless aware. The Class of 1900 was the first class to attempt to arouse any athletic spirit in our College. By this Class the Athletic Association was formed; and it is our desire to leave behind us some token by which we not only hope to keep alive this, but to arouse still further the interest in athletics which we helped to inspire. Miss Keathley, the first president of the Association, has been chosen to present this token."

It was a moment of glad, as well as proud, triumph to the Class of 1900 when Miss Keathley, who so largely contributed to the success of the enterprise, presented the trophy cup to Miss Sanford, the present popular president, to be held by the winning basket ball team. Miss Keathley said: "It is with the greatest pleasure that I, as a representative of the Athletic Association, in the name of the Class of 1900, present to you this trophy cup, with the hope that it may have the effect of increasing the spirit of athletics in our College. In presenting this cup it is our intention to give to the members of the Association something which shall act as a spur in impelling them to more active and energetic work in athletics.

"Our purpose at first was to present the cup to the Athletic Association, to be held by the class making the best record during the year, but we have come to the decision that the manner of obtaining the championship shall be left entirely to the Association, and that, at each commencement, the cup shall be presented to the champion basket ball team, to be held by it as long as it shall retain the championship.

"It is useless for me to say at what a high estimate the Class of 1900 holds the value of athletics. It is, I think, very evident, and we are therefore even more grateful for the privilege of presenting to the Association this cup, which may prove a stimulus to arouse other classes to that wholesome rivalry and spirit of emulation so essential to an enthusiastic love for athletics."

Miss Sanford, in accepting the cup, said: "As president of the Athletic Association of the State Normal and Industrial College, 'tis with a feeling of keen delight that I accept this trophy cup, and may it always prove an incentive to promote the athletic spirit throughout the college, and may this spirit grow stronger as years advance. Let those of us who remain thank the Class of 1900 for the example they have set for us and in the acceptance of this cup, let us hereby pledge ourselves to follow their example, for we know how much this school needs athletics. While we study to develop our mental powers, let us take time to cultivate our bodies, so

that they may be in harmony with the will of God. Again, accept our most hearty thanks."

At the foot of 1900's tree, a tall and graceful maple, the grave had already been prepared for the burial of the class records. The Gate City Band, seated on the terrace, overlooking the scene, played a solemn dirge while 1900 marched in single file around the tree, each member throwing a spadeful of earth upon the sacred records, soon hiding them away forever. Miss Lewis, the president of the Class, then, according to the usual custom; presented the spade to the Junior Class, with the following words:

"And, now, having burned our bridges behind us, we are prepared to say 'Farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness.' To our sisters and successors, the Class of 1901, we present this implement of toil and labor. Remember that as the most beautiful trees, those which afford most pleasure and benefit to mankind, have their roots most deeply imbedded in mother earth, so are those things which are highest and most ennobling the most difficult to uproot, and be not discouraged as to the mantle of dignity which has this year descended on us and which has been grievously torn and rent in many places. May every defect be repaired by you and may you profit by our mistakes and failures.

"We who are about to leave these walls, about to say farewell to our Alma Mater and to our sister classes, extend to you our heartfelt wishes that your Senior year may be a very happy and successful one, and may you remember with pleasure the Class of 1900."

Miss Ida Wharton, in a few well chosen words, gracefully accepted the spade for the Junior Class, of which she is the honored president.

"The Class History" was read by Miss Lelia Tuttle and the "Prophecy" by Miss Lillie Keathley—both of which are given elsewhere in THE MAGAZINE.

A ladder was presented to the Freshman Class, in the following happy address: "As we now stand on the topmost round of the ladder, the paths we are to pursue in the world lying before us, mapped out by Fate, to our sisters of the lowest round we present this token, that by its aid they may more easily accomplish the steep and upward journey to that height termed Graduation.

"Cut straight from our stanch North Carolina pine, yet smooth and polished in appearance to those whose feet are set upon it, let it be a reminder that they themselves are fashioned from the equally stanch and true and are now going thro the

seasoning and polishing process of education, to emerge well-rounded, polished North Carolina women.

“Be not discouraged if the upward journey is arduous, for

‘Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit round by round.’ ”

This beautiful little ladder, decorated with 1900's colors on the top round, was confided to the care of 1903's president, Miss Marie L. Jones, who accepted the gift in a manner befitting the occasion, and soon the lower round bore the crimson of 1903.

The exercises closed with the singing of the Class Song, composed by Miss Sue Nash, the poet of the day:

#### CLASS SONG.

Our college days are over,  
The dear old ties must sever;  
We used to say if we got off  
We'd come back here, no, never.  
But the last few weeks have changed us,  
Such thoughts are far away,  
Our hearts beat slow with sadness—  
We long to stay.

#### CHORUS.

We all long to stay here,  
We all long to stay here;  
We long for the good old times of yore;  
Our tears are almost falling,  
But life and work are calling;  
Our hearts are Alma Maters,  
Though schooldays are o'er.  
  
Our Freshman Year brought pleasure,  
The Sophomore gave us more;  
The Junior Year was glad and bright,  
The Senior best of four.

Then, here's to Alma Mater,  
Dear College, how we love thee.  
May the bright sun of success and love  
Forever shine above thee!

Then, farewell! O Alma Mater,  
Farewell, our happy school days!  
Farewell, O Alma Mater,  
We leave you now.

The evening of Tuesday, June 19, was given up to the Senior Class and on that night the six representative essays of the Class, chosen from the thirty-one essays written, were read. After a few well-chosen remarks, Prof. J. Y. Joyner introduced to the audience the president of the Class of 1900, Miss Mittie Lewis, of Goldsboro, N. C., who, in turn, introduced the essayists.

Song—"The Dance Invites Us," *Gounod*.....GLEE CLUB.  
 "The Scattered Nation".....WOODFIN CHAMBERS, Alamance.  
 "The Hearing Ear and The Seeing Eye,"  
 ALICE GOODRIDGE DANIEL, Granville.  
 Song—"The Tempest," *Macfarren* .....GLEE CLUB.  
 "O wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see oursel's as others see us,"  
 GERTRUDE JENKINS, Forsyth.  
 "Antæus".....AUVILA LINDSAY, Rockingham.  
 Song—"Vacation Song," *Clapp*.....GLEE CLUB.  
 "Some Unfamiliar History of North Carolina,"  
 ANNIE LEE STALEY, Randolph.  
 "Edgar Allan Poe".....ELEANOR WATSON, Rowan.  
 Class Song.....Class of 1900.



"The Scattered Nation," which was a discussion of the Jew, his sins, mistreatment and his rights as a man and a citizen, was well read by Miss Woodfin Chambers and held the interest of the audience throughout.

All the essays were creditably written and were well received by the appreciative audience, but special mention should be made of Miss Annie Staley's fine treatment of a subject already intensely interesting to every North Carolinian. Her essay was greeted with much applause, especially from the older and masculine portion of the assembly. Miss Watson's excellent delivery of her well-written essay was much enjoyed, while the mirror which Miss Jenkins held up before us compelled the close attention of all as she depicted the pet follies of many classes of people who constitute society. In hearing Miss Lindsay's application to our own lives of the old myth concerning Antæus, we were impelled to long even more eagerly for a closer touch and a keener sympathy with Mother Nature. Miss Daniel, in her essay on "The Hearing Ear and The Seeing Eye," so aroused the interest of the audience that there was hardly one among them who did not for the time, at least, possess a hearing ear and a seeing eye, of which she spoke so eloquently.

We must not neglect to mention the splendid singing of the Glee Club, which is this year the best the College has ever known. Great credit is due Mr. Clarence Brown for his indefatigable labor and untiring patience in training the Club to such a high degree of excellence.

## CLASS OF 1900.

## SUBJECTS OF GRADUATING ESSAYS.

Superstition.....	Emma Adeline Bernard, Buncombe Co.
The Scattered Nation.....	Woodfin Chambers, Alamance Co.
Our Widening Destiny.....	Wilhelmina Conrad, Durham Co.
Excelsior.....	Isla Cutchin, Edgecombe Co.
The Hearing Ear and the Seeing Eye...	Alice Goodridge Daniel, Granville Co.
Iconoclasm.....	Hattie Victoria Everett, Martin Co.
The Law of Life.....	Clara Gillon, Cabarrus Co.
The Value of Man.....	Bessie Hankins, New Hanover Co.
The Yule-Tide .....	Ruth Mildred Harper, Lenoir Co.
Drifting.....	Elizabeth Howell, Edgecombe Co.
Value and Necessity of Higher Education,	Elizabeth Howard, Beaufort Co.
Sentiment As a Factor in the World....	Myrtle Lilian Hunt, Transylvania Co.
"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursel's as others see us,"	Gertrude Jenkins, Forsyth Co.
Divine Discontent.....	Lillie V. Keathley, New Hanover Co.
Compulsory Education.....	Maude Kinsey, Craven Co.
What The Woman's Club May Do for North Carolina,	Mittie Pender Lewis, Wayne Co.
Antaeus.....	Auvila Lindsay, Rockingham Co.
Living Temples.....	Miriam MacFadyen, Bladen Co.
The Cry of the Dryads.....	Lily May McDowell, Macon Co.
Comparative Mythology.....	Carrie P. Martin, Forsyth Co.
Sunshine.....	Eva Miller, Alexander Co.
What Is It?.....	Sue Nash, Orange Co.
Automobile.....	Myrtie Scarboro, Randolph Co.
Let Us Have Peace.....	Emma Lewis Speight, Edgecombe Co.
Some Unfamiliar History of North Carolina,	Annie Lee Staley, Randolph Co.
Evils of Defective Ventilation.....	Augusta Etta Staley, Randolph Co.
Chartless.....	Mary Zilla Stevens, Johnston Co.
Eternality of Beauty.....	Lelia Judson Tuttle, Caldwell Co.
Edgar Allan Poe.....	Eleanor Watson, Rowan Co.
The Passing Cloud of Ignorance.....	Mary Skinner Winborne, Chowan Co.
The Poetry of Everyday Life.....	Martha Fowle Wiswall, Beaufort Co.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 20.

Wednesday morning, that morning toward which every Senior had looked for four long years, dawned bright and beautiful. The good music furnished by the Gate City Band entertained the large and representative audience for a short time.

To the ever-inspiring strains of "Dixie" the Senior Class, gowned in dainty white organdie, filed in and occupied the ribboned seats in the centre front of the chapel.

After the singing of the Doxology, the Rev. Dr. L. W. Crawford, in an impressive and beautiful manner, invoked God's blessing upon us:

"O Thou, eternal, omnipresent and omnipotent God, Thou art the fountain of all life, the source of all good, the Creator, the Sovereign Ruler. We would at all times and in all places recognize Thy presence and Thy right to rule, and we would render to Thee adoration and prayer and obedience and service. We thank Thee, O God, for our great nation, with all its wonderful history, with its marvelous resources, and for its great power in the families of the nations of the earth. We thank Thee for our own commonwealth, with its multiplied thousands of prosperous people, for its civilization, for its churches and schools and great industries. And, Lord, we recognize Thy hand in the establishment of this institution of learning. We thank Thee that Thou hast planted it in our midst. We thank Thee that Thou hast preserved it during the years of its existence, and that through Thy blessing it has won a place in the front rank of great seats of learning. And, Lord, we thank Thee that it has become an active force in the education of our state and in the intellectual and moral uplifting of our people. We come on this glad day to join in these Commencement exercises with gratitude and devout thanksgiving to God for all it has accomplished. We remember, O Lord, that during the first session of the scholastic year a dark cloud hung over this institution; a great shadow passed over it, and its friends sorrowed because of deep affliction, of great suffering in our midst, and we thank God for His presence and His sustaining grace and power through those weeks of suffering and anxiety. We thank God that he lifted the cloud and removed the shadow and brought the institution, as gold, from the furnace purified and made stronger and purer and better, we trust, by reason of this severe ordeal. Lord, we thank Thee for the place it has in the affection of the people today and for all that it has accomplished during the months of this year. And now, Lord, we pray Thy blessing upon it in the years to come. May it be guarded against evil and disaster by Thy providence. May our future legislators understand its value and its needs, and may our people throughout the state freely give their means to meet its necessities. Give divine guidance to Thy servants, the trustees, who are especially charged with its management, and may they be saved from error and misgiving, and may they enlarge its usefulness and perpetuate it through the years to come. O Lord, abide with Thy servant, the President of this institution, and the members of the faculty, and may they always be so aided by God and so guided by Him in their daily work that they may successfully mold the character and train the minds of

those who come under their influence and instruction. And we pray, Lord, that each year its halls may be filled with those who are here in search of knowledge and truth, and that from this rostrum may go out year after year many who shall bless society and glorify Thy name and become vessels of mercy, accomplishing great good in life's great work. And now, Lord, be Thou with us this morning, to preside over the deliberations of this hour; aid Thy servant who has come to us with a message of instruction and encouragement, and so inspire him with truth and wisdom and utterance that all that he says may be in harmony with the Divine will, have the Divine approbation and be owned of God, to the edification and uplifting of all who are here. Give Thy blessing especially to these dear young ladies of the graduating class, and as they go to their homes may a kind providence be over them, and may they be enabled to take their place in the busy world and accomplish great good in Thy name and reflect honor upon their institution and bring blessings to many. We pray, O God, that every pupil in the school may be kept as in the hollow of Thy hand, guided by Thy counsel, enriched by Thy grace and be used for Thy glory. May those who are present this morning and during the exercises of this Commencement receive Thy grace and Thy blessing, and may this be an occasion of great profit, and may we all realize that God is guiding and ruling and blessing those who are connected with this school. We ask these things in Christ's name. Amen.

Dr. McIver, in the following words of welcome, said: "The speaker of the day will be introduced by a gentleman who knows him well, and whom you know and love well, your representative in Congress from the Fifth District, the Hon. W. W. Kitchin.

He, in a most eloquent manner, introduced the orator of the day, the Hon. David A. DeArmond, of Missouri, in the following speech:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for that generous recognition by your applause. Today throughout this state the thoughts of thousands of North Carolinians are turned towards this College. Those thoughts come from people who have viewed the past achievements of this magnificent institution with genuine pride and from those who look forward hopefully to its greater achievements in the future. Your distinguished, able and progressive President said a few minutes ago that this was a representative body. Truly it is representative—representative of the virtue, the intelligence and the responsibility of whatever is best and most glorious in this state.

In introducing to this audience the orator of the occasion I truly feel that you are entitled to the best efforts of the worthiest of men, and I confidently think, ladies and gentlemen, that in any place where culture is appreciated, where mind is respected, where honor is cherished, where humanity is loved, the gentleman who will address you will occupy the highest rank. He has never filled a position, whether as an humble lawyer, a circuit judge, or the commissioner of the supreme court of the great state of Missouri, without adorning that position with superior fidelity and ability. Unassuming, direct, strong, he is in my opinion the keenest debater in the greatest legislative body in the world. He has a hand in the leading, and easily so, of the best American thought, the trusted champion of the principles of universal justice,



HON. JOHN H. SMALL.



and, ladies and gentlemen, the tribute that he will bring you today will come from an intellect as clear and vigorous, from a heart as candid and earnest, from a soul as noble and sincere, from a life as consecrated and devoted to the principles of truth as ever graced a rostrum or entertained an audience. (Applause). It is a genuine pleasure for me to have the opportunity of introducing to you one of my colleagues in the American Congress, a gentleman whom I am glad to call my friend, the Hon. David A. DeArmond, of Missouri. (Great applause).

Judge DeArmond held his hearers in rapt attention while he delivered a most thoughtful and able address.

Bishop Rondthaler, of Salem, in beautiful and impressive words, delivered to the Senior Class copies of God's Word, and left with them his blessing.

Following him, the Hon. John H. Small, our representative in Congress from the first district, presented to the Senior Class copies of the Constitution of North Carolina and the United States. His address was as follows:

YOUNG LADIES OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:—I have been delegated to present to each of you copies of the Constitution of the United States and of the state of North Carolina. In one of these is embodied the organic law of the state of North Carolina and the other contains the enumeration of the powers which have been granted to the government represented by the union of the several states and not reserved by the states themselves. I am impressed not only with the uniqueness of this ceremonial, but by its appropriateness. It might be asked what particular significance can attach to the presentation of these charts of the body politic to a class of young ladies who have completed their college course and who are about to leave their Alma Mater.

Not many years ago the few young ladies who left their homes for attendance upon some boarding school were the conspicuous exception, and by general concession they were supposed to do so only for the purpose of finishing off, as it were; that is to say, to learn something of music, to acquire a smattering of painting and drawing and generally to sip lightly at the Pierean Spring. Their course was generally confined to one year, and if, perchance, it was lengthened to two sessions, it was only for the purpose of completing the finishing process deemed necessary to fit them for the delectable way of society. The noble specimen of the animal called man for generations exhibited a peculiar degree of selfishness regarding the education of women. With all their boasted chivalry and reverence for the gentler sex, in spite of all his mellifluous-sounding platitudes in their praise, he was content to appropriate unto himself most of the substantial blessings of education. Whether he was actuated in this course by doubt as to their mental equipment or whether because in selfishness he feared the entrance of a rival in life's active duties is not apparent. He usually took refuge behind the insincere statement that the place for the woman was at home under the benign guidance of her lord and master, from whom she could obtain all necessary knowledge, and that it was not necessary that she should possess a disciplined mind or an acquaintance with the intellectual weapons of practical life.

The state in its beneficence established at the threshold of its political life our great University for the training of our young men. We established an agricultural and mechanical college for their betterment. With a charity that was unbounded and commendable we established normal schools and other institutions for an inferior race. And, lastly, when we could no longer withhold this meed of justice we established this institution for the girls of North Carolina, and which in my opinion constitutes the chiefest crown of glory for the Old North State at the close of the nineteenth century. And I wish to call attention to the fact that the movement which led to the establishment of this school had its inception with a few of the brightest and brainiest men of this generation, and among those who fought the good fight, who went out among the people and preached the gospel of justice to the women of the state; who continued to knock at the legislative doors until success crowned their efforts, is the man who is today chief benefactor of the girls of North Carolina—the president of the State Normal and Industrial College.

In presenting you with these charts of the body politic I commend them to your careful reading. As with the Book of Holy Writ, in which you cannot always interpret the meaning of the words of inspiration, but which nevertheless you continue to read in the spirit of pious devotions, so you may not understand all the provisions of these charts and yet you should by constant reference keep them before you as the touchstone of civic duty and the bulwark of civil liberty. I cannot point out to you in detail the safeguards which they contain, nor the duties which they enjoin, and I prefer not to deal in generalities. I will, therefore, content myself with a brief reference to some of the provisions in the Constitution of your state, which relates to public education. In the Declaration of Rights, Section 27, is that just declaration upon the subject of education: "The people have the right to the privilege of education and it is the duty of the state to guard and maintain that right." I direct your attention to the language. It is not referred to as a charity, or a voluntary gift, or as an act of beneficence from those who have been blessed with property, but it is conceded that the people are entitled to it as a matter of right. This distinction is important and ought always to be maintained and will frequently afford the only solution for an increase in our public schools. Article IX., upon the subject of education, Section 2, provides that the General Assembly shall levy taxation for a general system of public schools, which shall be free to all the children of the state of school age. Section 3 of this article provides that "each county of the state shall be divided into a convenient number of districts in which one or more public schools shall be maintained at least four months in every year; and if the commissioners of any county shall fail to comply with the aforesaid requirements of this section they shall be liable to indictment." These are the provisions in our constitution and they are direct and mandatory in their terms. The layman would assume and the non-resident who reads these words would infer that the children of every locality, no matter how remote or how sparsely settled, would have the opportunity of attending a school for at least four months in each calendar year. However, it is my duty to tell you that this mandatory requirement has been practically eliminated by the construction of our courts and that they have deliberately limited the power of taxation to objects infinitely less worthy of this



supreme power of the state. Our courts have said that the commissioners of the counties could not be compelled to levy taxes for the support of schools, although the legislature authorized them so to do, if such levy exceeded a rate of 66 $\frac{2}{3}$  cents on the hundred dollars' worth of property, or \$2 on the poll, as provided in Article V., Section 1. They have nullified a mandatory provision of the constitution in favor of the property of the individual. They have placed the dollar above brains and selfishness above duty.

In Article VII., Section 2, it is provided, "It shall be the duty of the Commissioners to exercise a general supervision and control of the penal and charitable institutions, schools, roads and bridges." The courts have held that the legislature might authorize the county to levy a special tax over and above the constitutional limitation for the purpose of building a jail or of constructing an alms house, or roads, or bridges, or for court houses, or for the expense of trying criminals or maintaining prisoners, and yet they have denied the same power for the purpose of building school houses and educating the children of North Carolina. I am not seeking notoriety by criticising the courts, and if you wish me so to express it I will say that I am quoting the law as laid down by the Supreme Court of North Carolina; and yet I cannot refrain from pointing out to you the conspicuous instances of eminent judges who filed dissenting opinions—the one in the Barksdale case in 1885, and the other in the Bladen County case in 1892—and I am almost constrained to say that these dissenting opinions will yet become the law in North Carolina when the leaven of educational sentiment shall permeate the minds and hearts of the State, as it will at no distant day. I refer to those two eminent jurists—Judge Merrimon, ever the bold champion of the cause of the people, and of Judge Avery, who yet lives to illustrate his zeal and his ability. Again, while the courts have held that the legislature may authorize the county commissioners to levy a tax over and above the constitutional limitation for the specific purpose of building jails, court houses, bridges and feeding prisoners, and yet that they held that the same legislature may not authorize the county to levy a special tax for the purpose of building school houses or educating the children, without first submitting the same to the qualified voters; and the decision is put upon the ground that the bridges and jails are necessary expenses, while schools are not.

Local taxation affords the best means of lengthening the school term. These taxes are sanctioned by legislative authority and approved by the vote of the people of the community. Thus the people become identified with the maintenance and the operation of their schools. They feel that the taxes are not levied by some distant authority, but by their own volition, and thus they become interested in their management and take a pride in the prestige of their success. Local taxation has brought to numerous cities and towns in the state a system of graded public schools, which are the pride of their people and are rapidly taking first rank among the schools of the country. They are furnishing employment for trained teachers, who are likewise furnishing pupils for the normal schools and these are furnishing a disciplined army of educational workers ready to go out into the fields where the harvest is ripe. Local taxation will furnish the remedy for short term schools in all the rural communities of the state and should be encouraged by all means at the command of the educators and public men and women who have enlisted for the cause of increased public school facilities in every section of the state.

I have been asked to declare the faith that is in me upon the question of education. What convictions I entertain upon this question may interest very few persons, and yet I do not hesitate to proclaim them. I believe that every child has the right to demand of the state and of the community in which he lives that the facilities of the public school shall be afforded him, which shall be as free and gracious as the sunlight of heaven. I believe it is the duty of every citizen, both upon general principles and by constitutional enactment, to pay his taxes upon the property with which God has blessed him for the purpose of maintaining these schools for the benefit of the children of the state. I believe there is no better investment which the taxpayer can make of his means, or which will yield him a better return, and I know there is no expenditure of revenue more productive of benefit to the state or of blessings to the child than for this sacred purpose. I believe it is the duty of every man, and particularly the young men and young women of the state, to stand upon these ramparts and proclaim these fruitful truths until conviction shall overtake the men and women of our state and the school house and the trained school teacher are brought within reach of the poorest and most inaccessible child. The time for plain speaking has come and I am glad to say that this fact is being recognized. The young and aspiring man who seeks political promotion and advancement and the intellectual young woman who wishes to do her state a service and bring her name into good repute can find no surer avenue for the accomplishment of their purposes than to get in the procession and stand for the cause of education. As I read in the newspapers, I am glad to say that one of the candidates for the high office of governor of this state, a man of education, a learned advocate and a broad publicist, and withal an unerring interpreter of the signs of the times, is today going about among the people proclaiming that the greatest issue of the present and of the future is the education of our children. So may it be with all the candidates of all the political parties. We invite discussion of this issue. We challenge debate, because we not only have the organic law of our state to sustain us, but the promptings of a high sense of duty—a high ideal of citizenship.

Young ladies, the records of this institution show that more than 90 per cent. of the young women who have received its instruction became teachers, and most of them teachers in our public schools. In the name of your Alma Mater and in grateful recognition of the future progress of the state, which has made your presence possible today; in recognition of the zealous work and of the precepts and examples of this splendid corps of teachers, who have illustrated by their lives their devotion to the girls of North Carolina, I urge you, as you emerge from these walls and enter the arena of life, that you impress upon the children who come in your presence and under your tuition the rights and duties and responsibilities of citizenship; and, above all, impress upon them that the public schools afford the only remedy to dispel the blight of illiteracy and to bring the light of knowledge to every child. Unto you a great opportunity is given to mold the minds and hearts of the future men and women of this commonwealth and to participate in this progressive movement for the education of all the children of the state. If you lead in this vanguard and hold aloft the banner of light there are thousands who will bring up the rear and lend our gallant support. In the words of this charter you represent "religion, morality and knowledge," and we wish you Godspeed and a happy life.



CLASS OF 1900 AS MARSHALS 1899.



Then our beloved President, in his own inimitable manner, addressed the Graduating Class and presented to them their well-earned diplomas.

In concluding the exercises of the day, Dr. McIver announced the following gifts made to the college recently:

1. An oil portrait of James C. Dobbins by Mr. W. G. Randall.
2. A gift of \$1,000 from George Foster Peabody; the particular use to which this sum is to be devoted will be indicated by the donor later.
3. A gift of \$1,000 from Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bailey, accompanied by the following letter, which explains the purpose of the gift:

"DEAR SIR :—My wife and I subscribe \$1,000 to provide a room in the students' building for the Young Women's Christian Association, the same to be marked in some way and known as 'The Sarah and Evelyn Bailey Room.' This amount is subscribed on the conditions stated in your letter and will be paid when needed to complete such a building.

"Of course we make this subscription humbly trusting that it may encourage the young women in their Christian work as they gather at the State Normal from year to year. We expect to keep our 'Memorial Fund,' and to pay the expenses of a student at the Normal.

"I enclose a check for \$10, it being an amount collected by Sarah for the students' building from a friend in the West. Please acknowledge receipt of the same.

"Sarah's heart was never so much set on anything as on the students' building and had she lived she would have done something for it. We are glad thus to honor her own and her sister's memory."

#### WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 20.

On Wednesday evening the Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies presented to a large and appreciative audience "She Stoops to Conquer."

The play was a decided success, being, in the opinion of many, the best ever given on our College stage.

Each part was admirably sustained and the young ladies proved that night that we are not lacking in histrionic talent.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Mrs. Hardcastle.....	Miss Eleanor Watson
Kate Hardcastle.....	Lucie McGhee Glenn
Constance Neville....	Emma Lewis Speight
Dollie (the maid).....	Miriam McFayden
Mr. Hardcastle.....	W. Chambers

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Sir Charles Marlow.....	G. Jenkins
Young Marlow.....	W. W. Steele
George Hastings.....	E. Bernard
Tony Lumpkin.....	B. Folsom
Roger.....	F. Moseley
Thomas.....	M. Cator
Diggory.....	N. Parker
Stingo.....	P. Long
Muggins.....	M. Burkhead
Slang.....	L. Brown
Twist.....	G. Nelson
Animidal.....	B. Galloway
Pot Boy.....	A. Morton

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The following members of the Class of 1901 served faithfully and well as Marshals during Commencement Week:

Miss Eunice Kirkpatrick, Chief, Mecklenburg.

Miss Annie Beaman, Sampson.

Miss Anna Ferguson, Rockingham.

Miss Mamie Hinds, Lenoir.

Miss Birdie McKinney, Rockingham.

Miss Laura Sanford, Davie.

Miss Katharine Smith, Surry.

Miss Bertha Sugg, Greene.

Miss Ida Wharton, Forsyth.

Miss Frances Womble, Wake.

Miss Lizzie Zoeller, Edgecombe.

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#### SOME OF OUR COMMENCEMENT VISITORS.

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Rev. John S. Watkins, D.D., Spartanburg, S. C.; Hon. David A. DeArmond, Missouri; Hon. and Mrs. John H. Small, Washington, N. C.; Hon. W. W. Kitchin, Roxboro, N. C.; Dr. Miriam Bitting-Kennedy, Yonkers, N. Y.; Dr. F. P. Venable, President of the University of North Carolina; Dr. H. L. Smith, Davidson, N. C.; Prof. C. L. Coon, Salisbury, N. C.; Prof. W. A. Goodman, Salisbury, N. C.;

Dr. Claribel Cone, Baltimore; Hon. C. H. Mebane, Raleigh, N. C.; Hon. B. R. Lacy, Raleigh, N. C.; Mr. W. P. Shaw, Winton, N. C.; Mr. J. A. Blair, Ashboro, N. C.; Mr. R. D. Gilmer, Waynesville, N. C.; Dr. J. M. Spainhour, Lenoir, N. C.; Mr. S. M. Gattis, Hillsboro, N. C.; Mr. John W. Graham, Ridgeway, N. C.; Mr. W. F. Post, Jr., Wilmington, N. C.; Prof. George H. Crowell, High Point, N. C.; Dr. W. T. Whitsett, Whitsett, N. C.; Miss Addie Davis, New York, N. Y.; Miss Ida Hankins, Mrs. S. D. Hankins, Mrs. M. E. Keathley, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. James Martin, Miss Lillian Jenkins, Miss Ada Roan, Miss Miller, Miss Revelle, Winston, N. C.; Miss Annie Jarvis, Washington, N. C.; Miss Elizabeth Porter, Hillsboro, N. C.; Miss Mary Austin, Tarboro, N. C.; Mrs. J. A. Beaman, Miss Mattie Hobbs, Clinton, N. C.; Miss Mary L. Wyche, Raleigh, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Watson, Miss Mary Lawrence Watson, Salisbury, N. C.; Mrs. James Edward Smoot, Concord, N. C.; Miss Annie E. Dunn, Miss Minnie Kittrell Dunn, Scotland Neck, N. C.; Miss Rosa Taylor, Kinston, N. C.; Miss Pattie Winborne, Rockyhook, N. C.; Mr. Ralph Harper, Mr. Hyman Newborne, Kinston, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Scarboro, Mrs. Jessie Scarboro, Cedar Falls, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Robertson, Haw River, N. C.; Mrs. M. J. Brady, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. W. P. McCorkle, Graham, N. C.; Mr. James Laurence Watson, Mr. A. S. Heilig, Mr. Whitehead Kluttz, Mrs. J. H. L. Rice, Salisbury, N. C.; Miss Fannie Peden Bost, South River, N. C.; Mrs. M. M. Gillon, Concord, N. C.; Miss Julia McDowell, Franklin, N. C.; Mrs. Howard Wiswall, Winsteadville, N. C.; Col. J. W. Staley, Staley, N. C.; Prof. Charles M. Staley, Latta, S. C.; Miss Lollie Lewis, Goldsboro, N. C.; Miss Loula Page, Laurinburgh, N. C.; Mr. Tom Peirce, Warsaw, N. C.; Mr. Wentworth, West Point, N. Y.; Miss Jennie P. Long, Graham, N. C.; Miss Lillie Moseley, Kinston, N. C.; Miss Womble, Raleigh, N. C.; Miss Tomlinson, High Point, N. C.; Commissioner of Insurance Young, Raleigh, N. C.

## HISTORY OF CLASS 1900.

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LELIA JUDSON TUTTLE.

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Historians are made, not born, at least I was not born a historian, and I leave it with you to decide whether the class has made me one after you have heard my part of the exercises. In the beginning, I will admit that I believe it would be impossible for even a born historian to make a record of dry facts interesting, and I will show wisdom in not undertaking a task so arduous, but will attempt the setting forth of a few of our brilliant achievements and the noted characteristics of our Class.

I hope you will all recognize the difficulty that confronts a modest historian when she undertakes to relate the history of a brilliant class, of which she is an humble member. Her conscience reared in cloistered halls will not let her do an injustice to their innate nobility; her gentle sensitiveness will not let her flaunt their inimitable graces. It is trying, yet with your sympathy I shall attempt to describe for you, a class whose importance is not the least among the crowning events of this century.

In October of the year 1896, at the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, there assembled a body of maidens truly representative of the "Flower and Hope of the land," or, to speak in legislative terms, "a rare galaxy of beauty."

During the last weeks passed in their homes they had enjoyed daily and nightly dreams of heroic action under the trying ordeals of hazing and entrance examinations. Let it be said to their honor that they reached Greensboro and passed these Freshmen terrors without losing any of their physical organism.

And thus the Class of 1900 assembled, and Pentacost itself could not have presented a more diversified appearance. True we had no Persians, no Elamites, no sojourners from Rome, and even no ebony daughters of Ham, but the Old North State was represented from every nook and corner; from the mountain regions of the west, where the innocent rustic maiden, as she plays by the babbling brook, is ignorant of such a fabulous thing as a sun, but at midday sees through the thickly hanging foliage what she deems a king firefly crossing the zenith; from there to the sand dunes of the east, where the sand-fiddler dances to the tune of her reed flute, whose melodious notes are induced to come forth by the juicy red lips of the "nut-brown maid."



By the merest glance one could tell from the delicate appearance of some that they had dwelt in the "garish day" "where unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose"; while others, with sun-kissed faces, proved their native homes to be the cottage of the plain,

"Where smiling spring her earliest visits paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed."

Thus we began our four years of war that has proved more disastrous to some than that of '61-'65. There were almost a hundred of us—young and artless girls—when we began the ill-fated march. Examinations met us in whole battalions; we fought, bled and died—we fought with an heroism not displayed since Ulysses sought the Golden Fleece, or King Arthur undertook the civilization of savage hordes. But those stern, wisdom-clad professors met us at every turn and laid our plumes in the dust by their sharp questioning and fatal *mark*, until our noble Class is reduced to thirty-one battle-scarred veterans. "Long the pitying skies have wept above our gallant slain."

But, perhaps you would like to know what we have done in the way of scholarship. It is only necessary to refer you to the "Essay Committee," whose labors have been arduous in selecting six best essays from the thirty-one whose depth of thought, philosophy of style and rhythm of expression could not be excelled; and if this does not suffice to convince you of our native, as well as cultivated, talent, we point you, as conclusive evidence, to the Commencement Number of THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE, gotten up solely by the Class of 1900.

In athletics we are the progenitors of a new regime. Until the Class of 1900 made its forward step, the walls of the now elegant library enclosed all our efforts toward physical culture. There we wrestled in the dust with greased poles and dumb-bells, while "all outdoors" remained unnoticed. The enthusiasm ran so high over basket ball in the spring that a determined few lent themselves to the task of cleaning and preparing the grounds. The athletic spirit spread until now every class in the school plays basket ball, while quite a number have become skilful in tennis. As a token of our love for the success of our first public enterprise we presented the Association with a handsome trophy cup, to be held by the winning team.

Our social life has been brilliant and varied. We have been entertained and have given entertainments. In our Freshman Year we presented "A Box of Monkeys" to the student body and thereby gained quite a reputation as a class of stage

talent. In our Sophomore Year the enterprising spirit of the class was shown by a few striking youthful episodes, pending a climax in the salting of the Freshman.

An event of special note was the "Colonial Tea" given by us in our Junior stage to the Graduating Class. Had the ladies Jefferson and Washington, with pretty Priscilla and constant Evangeline, happened in, I think they would have been at no loss to identify themselves among the quaintly dressed maidens of 1900, who shone radiantly under the mellow light of waxen tapers.

The last year of the happy, busy four has been full of striking events, fraught with pain and pleasure. In the early fall sixteen brave girls tore themselves bodily from their weeping comrades and took up their abode over the street in Senior Hall, but the stay in that classic realm was brought to an unhappy end by our return home. Yet, we shall recall with pleasure the informal meetings held there, at which we grouped ourselves picturesquely on beds, rugs and an occasional chair, and especially shall we remember the meeting at which the substantial compliment was paid us by "The Elite."

In speaking of honors conferred upon the Class we must not forget to mention the one paid us by Miss Kirkland, when she selected eight of our talented number to sit near her for the purpose of radiating dignity and establishing an ideal for less fortunate mortals. In after years, when the world is startled by some new mathematical axiom wrought out by those who held fast to Trigonometry after the mid-term examination, or the discovery of rare and juicy "squids" in Archæan rock by our scientific members, or even new pedagogical laws deduced from actual experience by the story-telling spinster, they need only look back to the Senior table as the beginning of all these wonders. To free themselves from the halucination, they may learn how the "brilliant member" foretold it all in the year 1900, and to soothe their inflated imaginations they may read the healing poetic words of our sweetest singers.

Among the crowning pleasures of our closing college life have been the evenings spent with the Classes of 1901 and 1903. It is a rare thing for any class to have such an elegant reception given them by another class as we enjoyed on May 19, but from the Freshmen to the Seniors is unprecedented in history—at least in Normal history. There was a sound of rivalry that night as the lights shone brightly over important Freshmen and radiant Seniors, grouped on the couches munching cake and enjoying Dughi's cream. We are glad that we do not have to write the history of the present energetic, enterprising Freshman Class.

Treading upon the heels of this social phenomenon came the hayride to Guilford College, as guests of the Juniors. I used to pity sardines because they were so closely associated with each other in their tiny boxes, but since that starlight drive I waste no more sympathy, for if they derive half the pleasure in close communion that we did that night any other existence would be insipid and unsatisfactory. I doubt not but that the wayside cottagers concluded that the Tower of Babel, with its renowned language pupils, had been resurrected, put upon wheels and was then rolling by, as they heard a medley of "Scotland's Burning," "Chairs to Mend," "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," etc., floating out over the daisy-dotted hills.

But, following these happy events came the dire and doleful test of essay-writing and reading, when the lucky few were hilarious with pompous joy, while the masses looked on hollow-eyed and sad. For the comforting of the disconsolate, as well as honoring the honored, Miss Kirkland gave us a most pleasant evening, flavored with cream, sherbet and delicious cake. On this auspicious night the humblest of us were made aware of the facts that we were "Famous North Carolinians," and many a bruised heart was healed.

I would endeavor to describe for you our grave and dignified class meetings held in the library if I did not know that my audience was familiar with such like classic bits as the "Diet at Worms," "The Roman Senate" and "The Greek Council." This being the case, it is only necessary for me to say that nothing lighter was ever discussed in those impressive meetings than the number of folds of chiffon on a Class hat, or the width of a frill on a dimity dress and nothing weightier than the menu of an evening meal.

But, notwithstanding the temptation to flaunt our well-merited prowess and much learning to the breezes that play over lower classmen, we restrained ourselves remarkably well until the evening that we were to banquet at the Guilford. Then, lo! was Solomon in all his Oriental glory to be compared with one of these. Clothed in those much-discussed dimity dresses, and headed by those soft Leghorns with the greatly-to-be-desired droop, we entered the elegant carriages, kindly tendered us by Mrs. McIver, and drove once more over the city like "quality" until the hour for dinner arrived.

If you can describe the indescribable expression that plays over the faces of girls thus situated, and can express the inexpressible feelings that fill their hearts seated thus around their greatest and last Class banquet, you may do it. I cannot, for my eyes grow moist and my throat husky as I think of the days of happy college life that are gone, gone forever from the Class of 1900.

## PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1900.

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LILLIE V. KEATHLEY.

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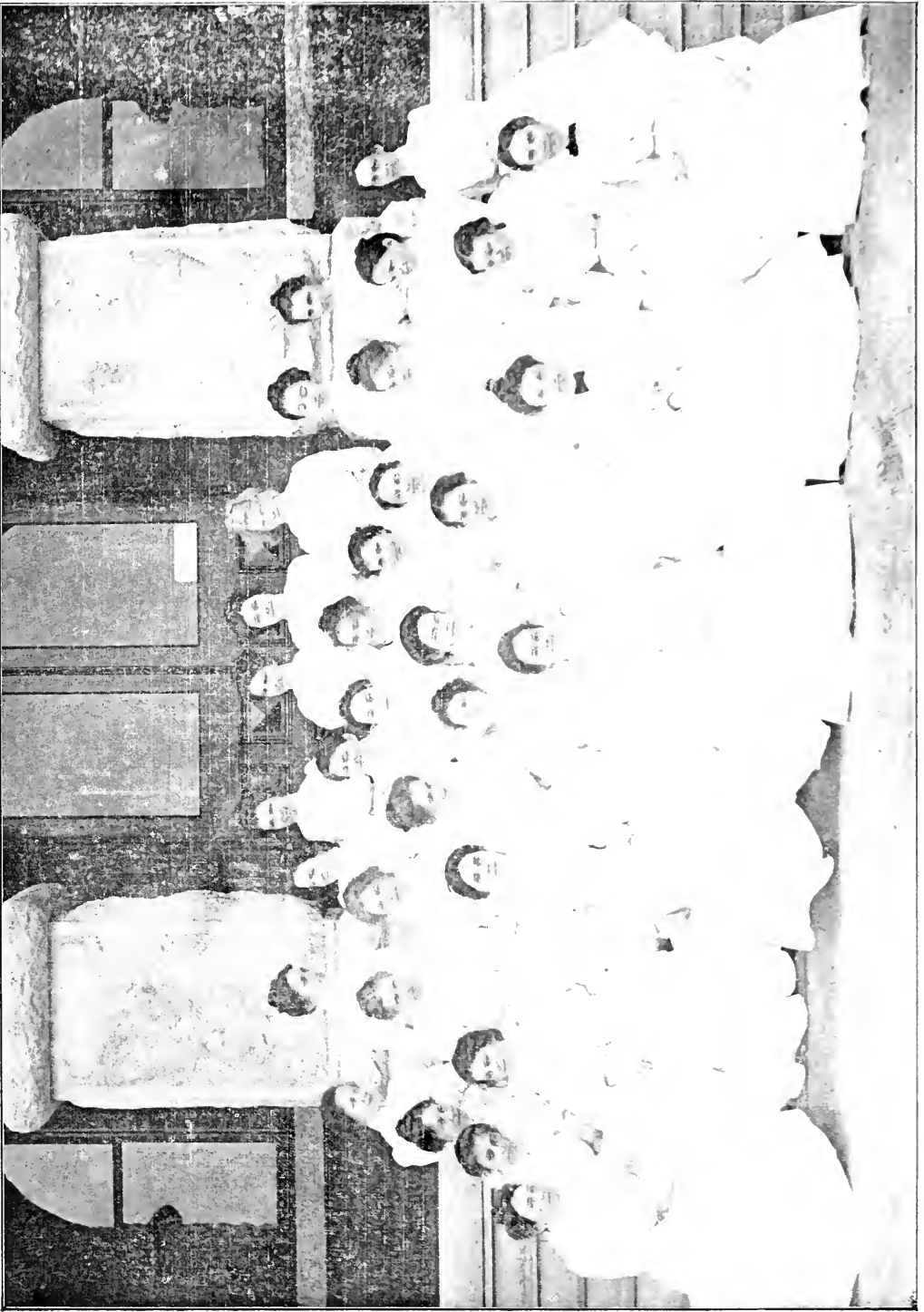
"And I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world and the wonders that would be."

For a soul like Tennyson's this might easily be true, but the day of inspired utterances is no longer here and a prophecy, as the world now understands it, is but the result of a mathematical computation. "It is as simple," you will say, "as a demonstration in geometry." Given: the amount of brains and the opportunities of the owner, finding the resulting woman; and, after a few quick movements of the pencil, we should be able to write Q. E. D. So we should. But, strange to say, it seems that human lives do not invariably conform to set laws and principles and the subjects of prophecies sometimes do things so entirely unforeseen as to be somewhat detrimental to the reputation of the prophet.

When my Class elected me as prophet, I accepted the office, well assured that into my hands there had been given the noblest work of my college life.

Mine, the inspiring duty of pointing out to my beloved classmates the path to glory and to fame! Mine, the inexpressible joy of guiding and directing their first trembling footsteps into this broader life of womahood! Mine, the noble task of giving to each of thirty-one brave young souls the vocation best suited to its powers! Some of these thoughts may still remain with me but only as a shadow of former hopes; for, all too soon, I realized that the practicality of the age in which I live is not conducive to inspiration, and that my prophecy, if such it be, must be essentially practical.

Following out this theory, I converted myself into a kind of walking observatory, and inspected my friends with a critical eye, using mental telescopes, microscopes, any kind of instrument which might assist in discovering the exact amount of their mental abilities. As a result of my study of human nature, a complete revolution of my ideas took place, and, for the first time, I understood that men must be judged, not by the heights to which they attain, but by the difficulties which they overcome. In character formation, as in all else, the principle of the conservation of energy must apply. The energy expended is equal to the work done in overcoming the resistance. With the realization of this truth, I felt that I could foretell



CLASS OF 1900.



the widely differing destinies of my classmates with greater justice to their several abilities. Among the thirty-one women who are now leaving our College for this broader field of work no two will fare alike. Each life must shape itself, and a just estimate of the capabilities of each can be made only by considering her opportunities and the obstacles which she must overcome.

Notwithstanding all these very logical thoughts, the end of a month found me no nearer the accomplishment of my purpose. My mind was in a state of chaos and all my thoughts were tinged with pessimism, until, at last, in despair at my inability to reach any satisfactory decision, I was forced to conclude that either the Class of 1900 was unusually deficient in brain power, or that it was made up of geniuses whose minds were far too deep for me to discover.

While in this desperate state I had a strange dream, which was but the natural sequel of my troubled thoughts. The ancients were devout believers in the significance of dreams, and I grasp at this one as a last hope—an inspiration. I shall give it as it came—a purposeless succession of fancies; and, if at times the meaning seems a little vague, remember that this very vagueness constituted the chief charm of the Delphic oracle; and what more worthy of imitation?

As I lay dreaming ten years passed by as in a flash and I found myself in a brilliantly lighted reception room, which was crowded with distinguished looking men and women. The men were attired in ordinary dress suits, except where here and there a uniform gleamed forth, but the costume of the feminine portion of the assembly was quite new to me. Instead of the conventional evening dress of this period, numbers of ladies wore scholarly looking caps and gowns, which had acquired quite as Parisian an air as the more ordinary costumes of their less learned sisters. It was evident that the ladies so attired were important figures in the world, and, to my surprise, recognized many familiar faces among them. Presently this was explained by the fact that the reception was given in honor of the marriage of Miss Carrie Martin to a very distinguished senator and that numbers of her classmates were in attendance. In fact, one of the most distinguished groups in the room was composed almost entirely of members of the Class of 1900. Eleanor Watson, the woman barrister of the day, whose eloquence was exerted in behalf of suffering womankind, alone was deep in a discussion with a scholarly woman, whose every motion bespoke wisdom and in whom I recognized my old friend, Woodfin Chambers, now President of "Lee College," the most celebrated college for women in

the South. Nearby, Sue Nash and Mittie Lewis, both famous for their work in Woman's Clubs, were busily comparing the work of their respective organizations. The former, who was an author of some note, was National President of the Colonial Dames, while the latter was leader in the Woman's Club movement all over the world. About them, in what was a distinctly literary circle, there were grouped Emma Bernard, journalist; Annie Staley, compiler of a history of North Carolina; Vila Lindsay, a noted scientist and author, and May McDowell, writer of juvenile stories.

To my right, I noted a more animated group engaged in an excited discussion of the politics of the day. They, I found, were either on account of their own or their husbands' positions deeply interested in this subject. This group was composed of Ruth Harper, private secretary to a congressman from Hawaii; Lizzie Howell, clerk in the census' bureau; Myrtie Scarboro, who had once occupied a similar position, but was now the wife of her former chief, and Maude Kinsey, whose husband was a distinguished member of the President's cabinet.

In this same class come a trio of Woman's Rights agitators, Isla Cutchin, Mary Winborne and Zilla Stevens. I felt no surprise at the position which they occupied, for the entire class had often remarked their eager advocacy of a state of single blessedness.

Their horror at even the suggestion of a marriage was well known, therefore I accepted, as a matter of course, their bitter denunciation of mankind in general and certain of their quondam friends in particular.

In the centre of the room, surrounded by her many admirers, a magnificent figure was standing, arrayed in the height of fashion. After a first startled surprise, I recognized Wilhelmina Conrad, who, since graduation, had continued her study of the art of dress and was now one of the foremost modistes of the day.

Near her was a little woman with huge spectacles astride her nose, who, oblivious of the company about her, was poring over a pocket lexicon in search of a certain root, which she must have for her lecture. Notwithstanding this learned exterior, I discovered that she was Martha Wiswall, who occupied the Chair of Language at Cornell. Presently I saw Bessie Hankins, who, in company with Alice Daniel, was just taking leave of her hostess. The former, it seemed, was the wife of a prominent clergyman, and in her duties as mother of the parish, was closely associated with Miss Daniel, who held the position of matron in a hospital for children. They



were both far too preoccupied with the more serious duties of life to waste many precious moments on such frivolities as wedding receptions, and so were taking an early leave.

Seeing all these familiar faces, I eagerly searched the room for others of my classmates, but in vain. Gleaning all the information possible from the scraps of conversation overheard, I learned that most of the girls who were absent belonged either, to that class which was held by the strong ties of home cares, or to those whose work was such as to permit of no interruption.

Emma Lewis Speight I found was detained at home because the Commencement exercises of the College in which her husband occupied the Chair of Chemistry took place at that time, and with her usual unselfish consideration of others she had sacrificed her own pleasure to that of her "boys," for had she, "the goddess of the College," been absent, the last few days of college life would have been full of sadness and disappointment for the students, to whom she had been as a sister for four long years. Miriam McFadyen, too, was absent on a work of love. Clad in the uniform of a United States army nurse, she was even then soothing the pain of some tired soldier boy, while her beloved presence and gentle smile of encouragement and sympathy converted the barely furnished tent into a palace of comfort to the suffering men.

What was my surprise to find that Lelia Tuttle, she who had forever forsworn matrimony, had at last succumbed to the charms of married life, and was enjoying the delights of love in a cottage. Several more of our number were similarly blessed. Myrtle Hunt, who had chosen the vocation of making a home for a wealthy Westerner, was living in a magnificent establishment in Chicago, and Clara Gillon took a similar part in the life of a Wall street magnate. For a year as stenographer in a large mercantile house, Bessie Howard so won the approbation of her employer that he made a public expression of his approval by making her his wife.

Four from our number were still unaccounted for, when I chanced to overhear Annie Staley telling a friend of the extensive business her sister was engaged in and I was on the *qui vive* till I learned that, benefitted by the suggestion given her, Etta Staley had become manager of the largest poultry farm in the South and by untiring labor had convinced North Carolinians that a new industry was awaiting them.

In another part of the room I heard a discussion of the grand work that Eva

Miller and Hattie Everett were doing. These two young women had chosen the noble work of missionaries to the new people so strangely thrown on our protection, and were, perhaps, at that very moment engaged in instructing some group of dark-skinned natives in the truths of Christianity and civilization.

But one remains. Far down on the coast of Florida there was a large, airy building, erected by Northern philanthropists. In the rooms there were hundreds of tiny Philippinos, from four to eight years of age. This was the National kindergarten which had been established in order to imbue our future citizens, from their very infancy, with a few ideas of civilization. The principal of the kindergarten, earnest, enthusiastic and practical as of yore, was Gertrude Jenkins—her ambition, her one hope, at last obtained, in that she is now engaged in the work she loves and has about her night and day hundreds of young minds to be molded and shaped as she shall direct.

And I—well, I wasn't a member of that distinguished assembly, and as it is now evident that prophecy is not my vocation, I can only hope that I may become a teacher in the schools of North Carolina and accomplish my work, if not silently, at least well.

"So runs my dream," and yet if this should be, if from our ranks our members, scattered wide, should go to enrich every land but this, our own, should each gain pre-eminence in some one way and none lay claim to mediocrity, what gain would there be to Old North State?

In all my dream there is no mention of the noblest work which can ever confront us—the education of the poor, the uplifting of the masses, the elevation of our grand old state to an educational rank unsurpassed by none. For this our whole past life has been a partial preparation; for this four years of difficult work have at last been accomplished, and today we stand on the borders of a new, a broader life. Tomorrow we leave our Alma Mater, to go out into our state as the representatives of a great idea, as workers-out of grand theories, and on our success or failure is largely dependent the weal or woe of the coming generation.

Standing as we do on the brink of the glorious twentieth century, we have given into our hands the grandest work of the age. Not to the lawmaker or to the politician, but to the teacher of this first decade is given the power of the making or the undoing of our nation.

She, who teaching in the barest of log huts, inculcates in the youth the princi-

ples of honor and virtue, wields a far more powerful weapon than the most eloquent of orators.

Imbued with this idea, and knowing the importance and grandeur of the work which is left almost entirely to us, let each of us take courage and enter into our work a power which shall lift the whole state to a higher level than it has ever before known. Our Class numbers thirty-one—thirty-one individuals with widely differing natures, aspirations and opportunities; thirty-one souls, for each of which Fate has a destiny entirely distinct and unlike the rest. For each of us there is some one ideal, some goal toward which all our energies and talents are bent; but in the struggle for its attainment we should remember that for the majority the result of your efforts will fall far short of the ideal.

Yet, with this ideal as an incentive to high and noble efforts, we can cheerfully take the work which presents itself and performing it faithfully and well fit and prepare ourselves for the higher work for which we are waiting. One, perhaps two, of our number may flash before the world with a meteor-like brilliancy, but for the remainder, O, my classmates, I gladly prophecy that with the softer radiance of lesser stars you will shine with a steadier glow and illumine our Old North State with the light of a broader, truer understanding of the real purpose of life.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

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The Alumnæ meeting held Tuesday morning, June 19, at 10 o'clock, was more largely attended than usual.

Those present were as follows:

- '93.—Miss Annie Page, Laurinburg, N. C.
- '94.—Miss Gertrude Bagby, Wilmington, N. C.
  - Miss Rachel Brown, Washington, D. C.
  - Miss Mary Wiley, Winston, N. C.
- '95.—Miss Nettie Allen, Kittrell, N. C.
  - Miss Mary Arrington, Raleigh, N. C.
  - Miss Bessie Battle, Durham, N. C.
  - Miss Jessie Page, Laurinburg, N. C.
  - Miss Ruth Sutton, Kinston, N. C.
  - Miss Daisy Waitt, Raleigh, N. C.
- '96.—Mrs. John Yoder (Nettie Asbury), Newton, N. C.
  - Miss Laura Hill Coit, Salisbury, N. C.
  - Miss Sallie Davis, Greensboro, N. C.
  - Miss Cornelia Deaton, Barium Springs, N. C.
  - Miss Hattie Garvin, Newton, N. C.
  - Miss Mary Milam, Greensboro, N. C.
  - Miss Elsie Weatherly, Greensboro, N. C.
- '97.—Miss Irma Carraway, Barium Springs, N. C.
  - Miss Mary DeVane, Wilmington, N. C.
  - Miss Frances Eskridge, Shelby, N. C.
  - Miss Frances Hill, Concord, N. C.
  - Mrs. Isaac Young (Lessie Gill), Henderson, N. C.
  - Miss Emily Gregory, Greensboro, N. C.
  - Miss Lyda Humber, Jonesboro, N. C.
  - Miss Bessie Rouse, Kinston, N. C.
- '98.—Miss Lottie Arey, Elmwood, N. C.
  - Miss Oeland Barnett, Shelby, N. C.

- Miss Lillie Boney, Wallace, N. C.  
Miss Julia Dameron, Inez, N. C.  
Miss Elsie Gwyn, Waynesville, N. C.  
Miss Sadie Hanes, Winston, N. C.  
Miss Minnie Huffman, Morganton, N. C.  
Miss Florence Pannill, Reidsville, N. C.  
Miss Ellen Saunders, Durham, N. C.  
Miss Bessie Sims, Concord, N. C.  
Miss Nannie Strudwick, Hillsboro, N. C.  
Miss Lina Wiggins, Wilmington, N. C.  
Miss Clee Winstead, Wilson, N. C.  
Miss Lydia Yates, Wilmington, N. C.  
\*99.—Miss Lucy Coffin, Greensboro, N. C.  
Miss Mary Collins, Enfield, N. C.  
Miss Cora Cox, Greensboro, N. C.  
Miss Kate Davis, Greensboro, N. C.  
Miss Penelope Davis, Louisburg, N. C.  
Miss Jennie Eagle, Salisbury, N. C.  
Miss Lottie Eagle, Salisbury, N. C.  
Miss Ethel Foust, Winston, N. C.  
Miss Olive Gray, Mooresville, N. C.  
Miss Elizabeth Mallison, Washington, N. C.  
Miss Maude Miller, Winston, N. C.  
Miss Bessie Moody, Asheville, N. C.  
Miss Mattie Moore, Greensboro, N. C.  
Miss Cary Ogburn, Summerfield, N. C.  
Miss Flora Patterson, Sanford, N. C.  
Miss Margaret Pierce, Warsaw, N. C.  
Miss Susie Saunders, Washington, N. C.  
Miss Rosalind Sheppard, Winston, N. C.  
Miss Virginia Thorp, Rocky Mount, N. C.  
Miss Jessie Whitaker, Enfield, N. C.  
Miss Bettie Wright, Coharie, N. C.

The officers of the Alumnae Association for the ensuing year are: President, Miss Daisy Waitt, of Raleigh; first vice president, Miss Nannie Strudwick, of Hillsboro; second vice president, Miss Mary Milam, of Greensboro; secretary and treasurer, Miss Sallie Davis, of Greensboro; member executive committee, Miss Annie Page, of Laurinburg. The association has established an annual cash prize of \$25, to be awarded to any former student of the College presenting the best essay on any subject of local North Carolina history.

Miss Jennie Ellington, '96, was recently elected as one of the vice presidents of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.

Miss Sallie Davis, '96, will teach in the Greensboro Graded Schools the coming year.

Miss Flora Patterson, '99, will be a member of the faculty of the High Point Graded Schools next year.

Miss Lucy Coffin has been elected to a position in the South Greensboro Graded Schools.

Miss Mary Applewhite, '94, has been transferred to the High School department of the city schools of Greensboro, taking the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Hampton, '93.

Miss Vila Lindsay, '00, will have charge of one of the grades in the High Point schools.

Miss Gertrude Jenkins, '00, will have charge of the second grade in the Salisbury schools next year.

Miss Ruth Harper, '00, has been elected to a position in the Kinston schools.

Miss Bessie Howard, '00, will teach in the Winston schools during the coming year.

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FORMER STUDENTS.

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Some of the former students present at Commencement were:

- Miss Annie Gudger, Waynesville, N. C.
- Miss Annie Trotter, Charlotte, N. C.
- Miss Fannie Allen Copeland, Statesville, N. C.
- Miss Sethelle Boyd, Statesville, N. C.
- Miss Lois Boyd, Statesville, N. C.
- Miss Hester Struthers, Wilmington, N. C.
- Miss Annie Pannill, Reidsville, N. C.
- Miss Henrie McNeely, Salisbury, N. C.
- Miss Hattie Strachn, Princeton, N. C.
- Miss Minnie Strachn, Princeton, N. C.
- Miss Rosa Loftin, Kinston, N. C.
- Miss Mamie Hinshaw, Winston, N. C.
- Miss Elise Shepherd, Winston, N. C.
- Miss Fodie Buie, Washington, D. C.
- Miss Katie Buie, Buie, N. C.
- Miss Blanche Ferguson, Reidsville, N. C.
- Miss Tempie Parker, Reidsville, N. C.
- Miss Janie Flournoy, Reidsville, N. C.
- Miss Lila Austin, Tarboro, N. C.
- Miss Bessie Grissom, Mooresville, N. C.
- Miss Ina Hobbs, Clinton, N. C.
- Miss Ruth Battle, Whitaker's, N. C.
- Miss Phebe Sutton, Kinston, N. C.
- Miss Susie Hill Brickell, Weldon, N. C.
- Miss Mary Boyd, Weldon, N. C.
- Miss Sara Daniel, Satterthwaite, N. C.
- Miss Elva Bryan, Jonesboro, N. C.
- Miss Laura Falls, King's Mountain, N. C.
- Miss Mary Speight, Tarboro, N. C.

Miss Hattie Arrington, formerly of '00, has just completed the shorthand course at St. Mary's School.

Miss Lois Boyd is keeping house for her mother in Statesville, N. C.

Misses Berta Wright, Annie Trotter, Hester Struthers, Lydia Yates, Maude Miller, Flora Patterson and Emma Parker have been doing some graduate work in pedagogics with Mr. Claxton this spring.

Miss Henrie McNeely has been engaged in keeping house for her mother during the latter's absence in Porto Rico.

Miss Laura Falls has been teaching in the Statesville Graded Schools.

Miss Janie Flournoy stopped over for Commencement on her way home from a visit to Miss Bessie Shaw in Henderson.

Miss Sethelle Boyd has been teaching in South Carolina during the past winter.

Miss Pennie Whedbee, who is now Mrs. Sidney McMullan, is living in Hartford, N. C.



## AMONG OURSELVES.

## FRESHMAN RECEPTION TO THE SENIORS.

Among the many pleasant events that have gladdened our sojourn at the Normal none have been more thoroughly unexpected and enjoyed than the reception given by the Class of 1903 to that of 1900.

On the evening of May 18 each Senior, with her younger sister of the "Red and White," found herself comfortably seated before a brilliantly-lighted stage, fitted up as a professor's study, with just enough of the negligé to characterize bachelor-dom. Our interest had already been aroused by the unique program, entitled "The Baby," so that taking the two together—baby and professor—our curiosity was greatly excited.

But this restlessness was quelled by the sweetest, yet simplest, of welcomes, extended by the Class' talented president, as she explained that we were to see the Class in its first tottering steps toward entertainment, and therefore must not view it with a critic's eye; but, as was said later in the evening, if these were tottering steps we can only hope that she may continue to totter on through Sophomore, Junior and Senior endeavor, for never have we seen an evening pass more smoothly.

After the play we were entertained in an elegantly arranged reception hall, prosaically known as "Miss Fort's Room." And "still the wonder grew" when we saw Mr. Joyner's room, for we could but believe that the beautifully artistic and poetic spirits whom we there invoke had come and suddenly transformed the place into an Elysian Field of asphodels and heliotrope, where fountains of ambrosial nectar made cool the perfumed atmosphere. And this beauty was no intangible mirage, as we realized, for, reclining on the soft couches, nestled among the flowers, we feasted on Dughi's white and violet cream and delicious cake.

In looking back to our Alma Mater in other years the heart of the Class of 1900 will always grow warm over *one* delightful evening spent with the "Babies." Class of 1903, we thank you, and can only hope that you will always be served as you have served us.

L. TUTTLE, '00.

## HAY-RIDE TO GUILFORD COLLEGE.

"I am *so* glad I am a Senior!" was the unanimous expression of the Class of 1900 when an invitation was received from the Juniors for a hay-ride to Guilford College, to attend a concert given there on the evening of May 19, 1900.

Remembering the delightful reception given last year by the Class of 1901 in honor of our class, we were prepared for something unusually pleasant, and we were not doomed to disappointment. Five large drays filled with hay were provided for the drive and the Juniors, gowned in dainty blue and white, made truly charming hostesses.

We started at 7 P. M.—a happy band, made still happier, perhaps, by the flattering attention of less fortunate Sophomores and Freshmen, who must console themselves with the thought that their time will come some day. The drays were packed with Faculty, Seniors, Juniors—and *fun*! We could not have fallen out if we had tried. Care was forgotten, and each and every one abandoned herself to the pleasure of the evening. Songs—"The Old North State," of course—Uncle Remus stories, conundrums, and in one favored wagon even a bear dance and a cake walk, though where the dancing and walking were done we know not, added enjoyment to what was in itself so great and so novel a pleasure in our busy college life.

We were evidently expected guests, for when we reached Guilford College we found awaiting us a sufficient number of chairs in the best part of the hall. After enjoying the musical programme for the evening and a chat with old and new acquaintances, our party started homeward. Soon after we started, bananas in abundance were brought forth from somewhere and full justice was done them. Serenades were in order as we drove through the city, and we wonder if "the pleasure was all ours." Too soon for us, we drew up in front of the College with the song improvised for the occasion:

Juniors! Juniors!  
Juniors treated the Sen-Sen-Seniors!  
Juniors! Juniors! Juniors treated the Sen-  
Sen-Seniors!  
Juniors treated the Seniors!  
Juniors treated the Seniors  
White!

It was with a sigh of regret that the evening was ended. But the "Junior Hay-ride" will ever be cherished as one of the greatest pleasures of our Senior year.

CLARA GILLON, '00.

## THE RECEPTION OF MISS KIRKLAND AND MISS CROWE.

The Seniors were most delightfully entertained on the evening of June 9 by Miss Kirkland and her niece, Miss Marguerite Crowe, of Raleigh. The parlors looked unusually pretty with flowers scattered in artistic profusion. In her graceful and most charming manner Miss Crowe ushered us into the sitting room, where we were received by Miss Kirkland. After a short social chat, dainty cards, with pencils attached, were handed us and a most unique progressive guessing game began. We were told that we had to guess the names of forty-nine famous North Carolina women, which were written on cards in a puzzling fashion—a perfect conglomeration of letters—and placed on the table. Our hearts sank and we began to think there were a few things we had not yet learned. After puzzling over them for a few minutes whose but our own names should we recognize and we were surprised at our stupidity in not knowing at once that *we* were famous North Carolina women. Miss Nash, our poet, who is used to twisting and turning things to make them fit, proved the best guesser and was awarded the prize, which was a handsome card case. Miss Everett received the booby prize, a pair of doll slippers—for “de feet.” After this delightful refreshments were served, which only a Normal girl knows how to enjoy.

I am sure I voice the sentiments of each member of the Class in thanking Miss Kirkland and Miss Crowe for one of the most delightful evenings it has ever been our privilege to enjoy.

G. JENKINS. '00.

## OUR LAST MEETING.

To the members of the Trigonometry Class there will ever be the most pleasant recollection of our last meeting. All disagreeable thoughts connected with sines and cosines will sink below the threshold of consciousness overpowered by the more pleasant ones of that delightful drive to Guilford Battle Ground, which Miss Mendenhall gave to us during examination week.

We left here about five o'clock on the afternoon of June 12 followed, I think, by the envious glances of those less wise than we in their choice between Trigonometry and other subjects. We diverged a little from the direct way to the battle ground to ride out Summit avenue to Proximity. The beautiful residences and drive were quite a delightful revelation to those of us who had never had the pleasure of seeing them before.

No less pleasant, however, was the remainder of our drive. We never before realized how closely connected were Trigonometry and History as we searched our minds for the main facts, I am sure once learned, of the famous battle of Guilford court house. Having now seen these historic grounds we hope our search will not be so difficult hereafter.

After a lunch near one of the springs we begin our return trip. The moon could scarcely have shone more perfectly for us if we had ordered it so ourselves.

It was, in fact, an occasion unmarred by a single disagreeable element and when we finally arrived at home it was with thanks to Miss Mendenhall and Trigonometry for a most delightful evening.

BESSIE HANKINS, '00.

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#### THE BANKERS ENTERTAINED.

On the evening of June 15 there was gathered in the Assembly Hall a body representative of the financial influence of the state. The invitation of the students to receive the bankers of the State Convention was graciously accepted, as testified to by the goodly number present and the pleasant manner in which they made evident that the enjoyment of the occasion was mutual.

After being assured of their welcome in an address by Miss Conrad, the farce, "A Gentle Jury," was presented in its most pleasing style. The humor displayed by the different characters afforded delightful relaxation to close business men. Music, consisting of solos and choruses, was furnished by the Glee Club.

Following the play, Dr. McIver made a brief speech in appreciation of their presence and announced the reception, which would last until 11:30 o'clock. Always as when time is pleasantly spent, it seemed unusually short.

AUVILA LINDSAY, '00.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

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Lewis—"Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace."

Nash—"Be not triumphant, little flower,  
When on her haughty heart you lie,  
But modestly enjoy your hour,  
She'll weary of you by and by."

Scarboro—"He that would govern others, first should be  
The master of himself."

Watson—"He is a fool who cannot be angry;  
But is a wise man who will not."

Stevens—"There is not one wise man among twenty who will praise himself."

Howell—"It is strange  
That one of my age  
Should speak in public on the stage."

Daniel—"Lightens my humor with her merry jest."

Keathley—"Love was to her impassioned soul  
Not, as with others, a mere part  
Of its existence, but the whole—  
The very Life-Breath of her Heart."

Wiswall—"Few hearts, like hers, with virtue warmed;  
Few heads with knowledge so informed."

Martin—"Serene in the rapturous throng;  
Unmoved by the rush of the song."

Conrad—" 'Tis better to have had a head and lost it  
Than neuer to have had a head at all."

E. Staley—"The race is not always to the swift."

Gillon—"She is as constant (?) as the Northern star."

McFadyen—"A cheerful heart is what the Muses love."

Miller—"A dearth of words a woman need not fear;  
But 'tis a task, indeed, to learn—to hear."

Keathley—"Nor shall thy wit or wisdom be forgot."

Tuttle—"Come down from yonder heights,  
O maid!"

Everett—"I keep my own thoughts to myself."

Hunt—"College life is milk and honey;  
Knowledge tends towards matrimony."

Kinsey—"So much to do, so little done."

Speight—"A vision of beauty greets my eye—  
A girl with an angel face."

Hankins—"Gently to hear, kindly to judge."

Chambers—"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

McDowell—"She hath a neighborly charity in her."

Cutchin—"Give me thy love, O man, so long denied."

Winborne—"The slight coquette."

A. Staley—"I am Sir Oracle—when I ope  
My lips let no dog bark."

Lindsay—"Her words are gems, her  
Oaths are oracles;  
Her love sincere, her  
Thoughts immaculate."

Harper—"Not too late and not too soon,  
But just on time."

Bernard—"I care for melody?  
No, not I."

Jenkins—"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And things are not what they seem."

Scarboro—"Cheerful looks make any dish a feast."

Howard—"Sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than this fair girl Elizabeth."



BOARD OF EDITORS.





## ANSWERS TO PROPOSALS—THE NECESSARY EVILS.

Miss C-n- -d—Ah! sha.”

Miss T- -t-e—“I have read no trashy novels. I know nothing of such things.”

Miss M-n- -n- -l- —“Excuse me, sir; but that isn’t so.”

Miss S- - -g-t—“I certainly do think so.”

Miss J- -k- -s—“Nonne dixisti tecum amorem esse mihi.”

Miss -a-h—“O! you horrid thing.”

Miss A- -t-n—“You are the cutest thing.”

Miss -o-d-e—“That is your misfortune, not my fault.”

Miss H- -a-d—“L-a-w-sie!”

Miss -o-t- —“O, faren’t you bad!”

Miss H-n- - -s—“I wouldn’t marry you for five cents.”

Miss H-w- -l—“It certainly is the truth.”

Miss K- -t-l-y—“Oh, sir, I was only flirting. I never dreamed you cared.”

Miss C- -c- -n—“Don’t talk to me now; I haven’t time to listen to you.”

Miss G- -l-n—“I’d be perfectly happy.”

## CONTENTS OF THE TRASH BASKET.

"An Expository Essay on the Perfections of Miss E. L. S.," by Miss M. M. R.  
Too lengthy.

A novel, "The Proper Respect of Freshmen to Their Superiors" (the Seniors),  
by Miss K-k-d. Too embarrassing to the "superiors."

A paper on the "Art of Casing," by Miss B. E. F. Refused, because it  
teaches young ideas to shoot in the wrong direction.

A drawing begun in her Freshman year and completed in her Senior year,  
by Miss Lillie Keathley. Too far beyond the grasp of ordinary mortals.

A paper on the "Necessity of Doctors—or a Doctor, by Miss Mittie Lewis.  
Already known.

An historical masterpiece! "The Distinguishing Traits and Remarkable Deeds  
of the Class of 1900." This is entirely too ponderous, lengthy and exciting for  
most of our readers. We heartily recommend this book to the faculty of the State  
Normal College; not only for its literary worth, but also for its historical value. It  
will no doubt cause them to remember some things which they cannot afford to  
forget. A copy may be obtained by applying to the Historian.

"The Trouble Attending a Choice Between Mathematics and History," by  
Emma Lewis Speight. We'd heard it all before.

"Hero Worship," by Bessie Hankins. This interesting article would have  
been published had we not considered it harmful to encourage the writer in such  
thoughts.

Refused—the twenty unwritten stories by members of the Class of 1900.

"The New Woman," by Miss Lelia Tuttle. Rather too late to grace the  
pages of an "up-to-now" magazine.

"Autobiography of a Poet," by Sue Nash. Written too early in life.

"Eulogies on Misses Cutchin and Gillon," by M. C. and G. J.

"Like the notes of dying swans—

Too sweet to last."

Pity for poor suffering humanity caused us to omit this.

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"A Joke," by Miss Conrad. Point had not been discovered when this issue went to press.

An article on the "Inability of the Feminine Mind to Grasp the Science of Mathematics," by Misses Tuttle and Scarboro. Refused, lest it should discourage others climbing to the heights of algebraic knowledge from which these two *now* look down.

A Song, by Miss Wiswall. We regret that, owing to the staff's inability to get out a special phonographic edition of THE MAGAZINE, our readers will be deprived of the pleasure of hearing this marvelous song, given by the composer in her own inimitable way.

"Plans for the Students' Building," by Carrie Martin. Unnecessary at present.

"Fascinations of Science, and Science Teachers," by Gertrude Jenkins. Too complex.

VALE.  

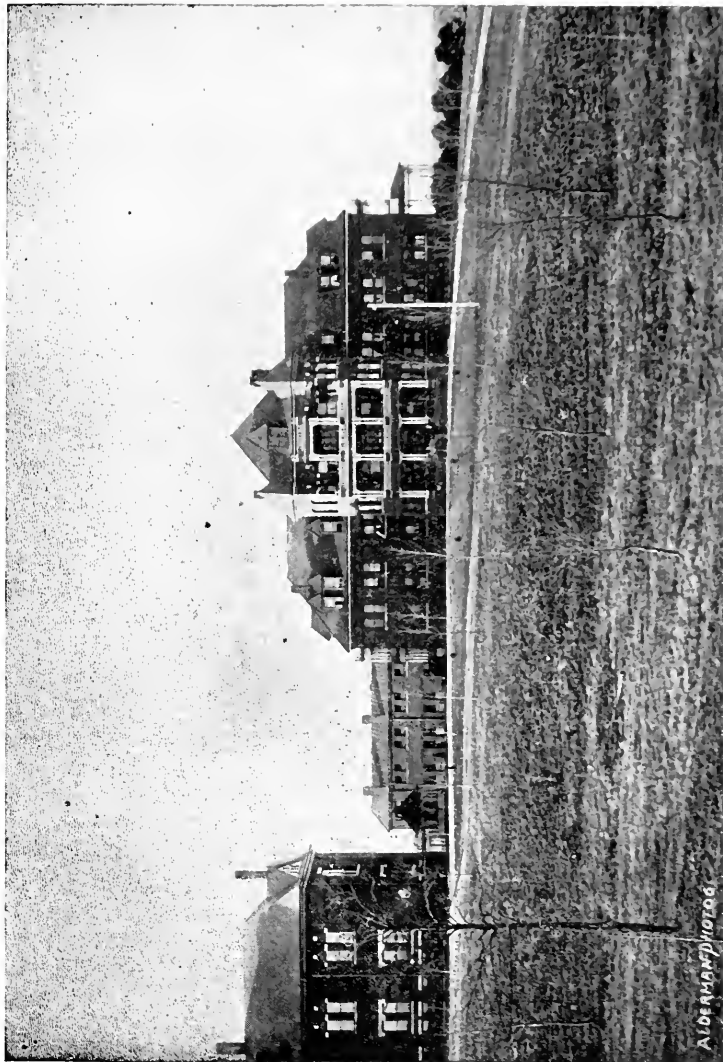
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In the future, Alma Mater,  
When this Class is scattered wide;  
O'er this dear old mother state—  
From lofty heights to ocean tide—  
Remember those who leave you now  
With sad hearts so full of pain;  
Think of our past years of pleasure  
That will never come again.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!  
It wrings my heart to say goodbye;  
To leave your walls and college halls  
With many a tear and many a sigh.  
It is hard to say adieu  
To scenes we've always loved so well;  
Sad, indeed, to part thus from you—  
Sadder than we e'er can tell.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!  
To you we bow with grateful love;  
You've fitted us to enter life,  
Within the world to live and move.  
All we do in after years  
We'll lay as offerings at your feet—  
Give it without doubts or fears,  
Still our thanks are incomplete.

SUE NASH, '00.



THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

ALDEN PHOTOGRAPH











